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Week of Nov. 14, 1948

Painting by **Willy Pogany**

Temptations of Ulysses

Circe *the* Sorceress

READ STORY ON PAGE 18

The Boston Spinster's Will Revealed Her Secret Charities and Generous Bequests

Miss Mason's MILLIONS

By Eugene Francis

DURING most of the 84 years of her lifetime, the heavy iron chains attached to the driveway gateposts of Miss Fanny's estate were impressive symbols to the farmers and townspeople of Walpole, N. H.

When the chains were down, Fanny Peabody Mason was not at home and they were free to wander about the 600 acres of lawns, gardens and meticulously kept groves. They could even talk about her.

But when the chains were drawn across the drive and locked in place, Miss Fanny was at home on one of her infrequent visits; the world was excluded and even her good neighbors, denied the run of the place, were expected to refrain from discussing her and her activities.

Nevertheless, they often speculated — the more respectful did it in their own minds, the bolder resorted to whispers — on the ever-intriguing question:

What would she do with all her money?

Fanny Mason never married, so there were no direct descendants to share in the $4,000,000 she had built up from the modest sum left by her fur trading father, William Powell Mason.

Some said she lost all interest in men when her brother, William, was drowned 60 years ago. Others contended that music and the breeding and showing of prize horses took up her time and energy.

"Leastwise," declared an octogenarian who had known her in childhood, "we know this much: she never seemed to have any time for people."

He was wrong. When Fanny Peabody Mason died last year at the age of 84 and the bars, or chains, were removed from her private life, she was revealed as a secret humanitarian; an imperious philanthropist who lived up to and beyond the Biblical injunction:

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them . . . But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Practically everyone with whom she had come in contact, and hundreds of people she would never see, were named as beneficiaries in her recently filed will. Massacusetts General Hospital was given $25,000; a similar amount went to the Boston Children's Aid Society.

Every servant in her employ in her three homes in Walpole, Beverly and Boston, was handsomely rewarded; some with outright gifts of $10,000, others with lifetime annual benefits ranging from $3,500 to $5,000. All told, $250,000 went to charity.

It was bequests of the 84-year-old spinster to a 38-year-old man, Paul Doguereau, a pianist, however, that lifted eyebrows in Boston, where such bequests are unusual to say the least. Two trust funds amounting to $650,000 were left to him, along with her farm and house at Walpole and her Beverly home.

The Beverly property, the will explained, was left to Doguereau in the hope that he would use it to establish a music center to further the creation and enjoyment of music.

Miss Fanny inserted a significant paragraph in this section of the will:

"I wish Paul to promote, encourage and carry on activities associated with the relation and enjoyment of music or the establishment of a music center, but I impose no restrictions upon him to do so."

Doguereau, who met the wealthy spinster when he was a concert pianist in 1936, was startled at the size of the bequests.

"She treated me like a son," he said, "and her favorite enjoyment was to play piano duets with me. Of course I will set up the music center, which is what she wanted me to do and you may be assured I will carry out her wishes."

Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

On One of the Estates Bequeathed to the Pianist, Paul Doguereau, the Chains Guarding the Entrance Will Be Let Down for All Time and a Music Center Will Be Established There.

The fact that some of Miss Mason's relatives were not mentioned suggested, to some, the possibility that the testament might be contested.

But Elise Cabot Forbes of Milton, Mass., a cousin, and wealthy in her own right, was horrified at the thought that affairs of a First Family of New England should be taken into a law court.

"It was Miss Mason's money and she was perfectly free to do with it as she wished," she declared. "I can't conceive of any relative contesting the will."

Unlike many Boston and New England fortunes administered by stipulations made by persons long dead, Miss Fanny's estate was hers to do with as she wished, the executors said. An astute business woman, she reportedly built up the sum left by her father in stock market operations.

The town of Walpole, where she visited infrequently and then in aloof fashion, was given $20,000 for district nursing purposes. It didn't surprise one of the older townspeople.

"She spent many times that amount around here in her lifetime," he said. "She had her own old age retirement plan and a list of pensioners as long as your arm. Many a time she picked up a mortgage, in secret, practically, and threatened to cause trouble if anybody mentioned that by doing so she was keeping people from going to the poor farm.

"None of us dared talk about it then—when Miss Fanny was alive and the chains were up. But now the chains are down and we feel free to tell how wonderful she was."

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LOVE *born of trouble*

By Larry Newman

Dr. Bove's Romance Flourished Amid the Trials of War, but Wilted in the More Peaceful Days That Followed

THE heavy tread of goose-stepping soldiers clattered over Paris' magnificent Champs Elysee and famed Boulevard St. Michel. Sad-eyed Parisians went about their daily tasks in stunned silence as the Nazis completed occupation of their beloved city.

It was 1940...the year of defeat.

Down the left bank of the Seine toward the American Hospital a famed American surgeon walked. The Germans had taken everything he owned. His entire fortune was gone. His luggage and even his surgical instruments had been confiscated. But Dr. Charles Bove held his head high. His step was brisk and there was even a trace of a whistle on his lips. He had something much more important. He had love.

The woman who had become his bride in this bleak hour was Edith M. Lehellec, an aristocratic Parisian horsewoman, friend and confidante of the Maharajah and Maharani of Baroda.

The paths of Dr. Bove and Edith Lehellec had been twisted together again and again over the years since 1932 when she first went to the American Hospital, as a patient. Dr. Bove had been on the hospital staff since 1923, when, at the close of World War I, he decided to remain in Paris after serving as a major in the U. S. Medical Corps.

In 1938 fate sent her again into the hospital, as an accident victim.

On one of her frequent hunting trips with the Maharajah, Miss Lehellec's arm had been pierced by a thorn and seriously infected.

The attractive horsewoman and the noted surgeon found much in common. They talked of many things as she convalesced and the surgeon may have been more than a little impressed when the Maharajah and Maharani visited her.

But the treatment for the infection was soon completed and the two were separated. However, not for long. Miss Lehellec was back in the hospital with a broken leg suffered when she fell from a horse in a Paris tournament.

During her third and longer stay in the hospital war and rumors increased and the doctor and his patient found comfort in their friendship.

Dr. Bove's first marriage to a pretty American girl from Virginia, Suzel de Cambefort, was on the rocks. In those days of adversity, the friendship of the glamorous Edith and the noted surgeon grew into what they believed was love.

On Aug. 6, 1940, with Dr. Bove stripped of everything he owned, they flouted the prospect of poverty-filled days ahead and were married in Paris. Within a few weeks they fled over the French border into Spain where some of Dr. Bove's friends financed their trip to the United States. The bride had managed to get out many of her diamonds and furs, presents from the Maharajah and Maharani of Baroda.

Dr. Bove looked to Edith as his helpmate in rebuilding his shattered career. But, under the harsh realities of day by day routine living, while he was trying to get himself established in New York City, the romance born in trial and tribulation, began to disintegrate.

The comfort the couple had once found in each other grew into hours of bickering and days of icy silence.

Then came the blowup. The once soft-spoken words of love turned to bitter charges and soon they were in a courtroom.

Dr. Bove charged his wife cared more for horses than for him and married him simply to escape from occupied France. She countered that he mistreated her severely.

She said she was devoted to horses but had stopped riding until her husband asked her to join a riding club "as a means of his getting patients from doctor friends of the proprietor."

A referee finally awarded Mrs. Bove $200 a month alimony and $350 for counsel fees. But a short time later Dr. Bove was back in court asking that the alimony be cut to $100 a month.

"My wife wants to put up a big front," he said in his recent court papers. "She absolutely refuses to do any work, believing the world owes her a living. I live in a furnished room while she maintains an apartment. She is the most extravagant creature that ever walked. She has never lifted a finger to do a stitch of work. She has never cooked an egg. She has never cleaned a house."

The once-loved Edith answered in kind.

"He accuses me of extravagant living. I don't know how extravagant one could be with $200 a month alimony which I seldom receive.

"He is a great actor. He appears in court in a worn-out shirt, broken shoes, shabby suit, unshaven and tries to present a pathetic picture. Yet, if one were to call upon him in his office, he is the picture of sartorial perfection."

Dr. Bove told the court that if anyone should visit his office any afternoon they would see his wife sitting in a car out front thumbing her nose at him and all who entered.

He charged that "trickery" she learned in her years in Baroda included such acts as slashing the tires of his car and writing across the back, "For Sale, 50 Cents."

"She did everything to ruin me," he said.

Thus in vituperative phrases and actions ended a love born of trouble and strife which just couldn't survive more peaceful days.

Illustrated by GEORGE MAYERS

While the Doctor Watched in Despair, He Charged, One of Edith's Vindictive Acts Was to Write Across the Back of His Car, "For Sale, 50 Cents."

WHY BE A SLAVE TO *Junior?*

Experience Has Taught One Mother That a Child May Be Either a Tyrant or a Companion — Depending on Whether the Child Psychology Book Is Used as a Guide or a Paddle

By Evelyn Barkins
Author of "I Love My Doctor."

LITTLE DICKIE, who lives across the street from us, bites people; but his mother merely watches tolerantly and calls it "an emotional outlet to preserve his sense of security."

Little Harold, down the block, drills holes in his father's radio set so "he can see the wires," and his mother, equally forbearing, calls it "artistic self-expression," and sends for the carpenter.

When Janie, around the corner, eats ten times a day at the age of five, and stays up half the night, her exhausted mother calls it "her rhythm schedule," and dares not thwart her personality.

But when my children start making free-hand crayon sketches all over the living room walls, experience has taught me that the child phychology books are most effective when used as a whacking good paddle.

Even before Lizzie, my oldest child, was born, I had seen enough of spoiled brats in my husband's medical office to beware. It was obvious that American parents have become so awed by the pronouncements of experts in child care they are giving up their constitutional right to think for themselves, and are in serious danger of developing a race of totally undisciplined, frighteningly uncivilized individuals.

Some child psychologists today forbid the use of physical force lest the children develop complexes; they urge us not to deny any requests lest the little ones become frustrated; and they abolish the punishment and reward motive by insisting that we appeal only to reason.

Innumerable well-meaning parents, honestly intent upon doing the right thing for Junior, misguidedly swallow the teachings hook, line and sinker. In many cases, even against their better judgment, they have allowed juvenile dictatorship to flourish in the home at the expense of family happiness, and at the risk of leaving their own children completely unprepared to face the frustrations and compromises that are part of anyone's daily life.

For myself, I soon found that our family unit could not exist half-slave (me), and half-free (Lizzie). Acting upon the radical premise that any woman who has enough judgment to choose a husband and run a home should be equally capable of bringing up her child, unhampered by unnecessary advice and bound only by her common sense and love, I dumped the books and went to work.

One major crisis involved Lizzie's sudden tendency to tell lies. Nothing I did or said could break her of the habit, until, at my wit's end, I hit upon a subtle strategy. No matter what Lizzie said, I disbelieved her, even when I knew her integrity was faultless.

"Little girls who tell fibs can't ever be trusted," I told her sadly.

Finally, after I refused to credit or applaud her account of winning a spelling bee at school, and rejected her earnest plea that Edna, a friend, "had so" invited Lizzie to her house to play, she wept: "Please, mother, believe me again, and I'll always tell the truth from now on!"—which she has done, within human bounds.

There was also the time when getting her to bed became a nightly battle, with her "Not yet" and my "Right now" vying for victory. Patiently, I explained the scientific why of the whole affair, but to no avail. As a tactical maneuver, I temporarily yielded ground by agreeing to let her stay up as long as she pleased at night, on condition that, since insufficient rest would have lessened her energy, she be denied the exertion of bicycle and roller skates next day.

Two instances in which I rigidly kept my part of the treaty ended the war. Thereafter, although she still talks yearningly of never going to sleep at all when she is "grown up," when the clock strikes bedtime, she marches.

Of course, there have been many instances when a strong arm has been the only effective explosion for removing a family roadblock. Baths that will not be taken on a reasonable basis must be taken on a forceful basis. Hands that reach for moving electric fans must be slapped before being maimed. Bad language must be nipped in the bud.

Not that it ever was easy going, by a long shot. But persistence bears its own reward. Eventually, armed with the fortitude of a lion tamer, and also the whip (so to speak), in extreme cases, I have since managed the conversion of not one, but three small, untamed specimens of humanity into at least the appearance of civilization.

I have also learned in the process that each situation must be met independently; each child, differently; using as your guide not arbitrary regulations imposed by some child psychologists, but the dictates of your conscience, the best of your ability, and the feelings in your heart.

The task takes perseverance, patience, reason, cajoling, bribery and even force.

For instance: If your child seems to have a tyrannical will of his own, try reasoning as a start. Is he just generally mischievous? Scold him. He won't wither from insecurity. Does he turn a deaf ear when required to obey? Punish him. Withholding allowance, ice cream and movie money may change his mind.

Does his unbearable conduct make you unwelcome at friends' homes and restaurants? Leave him alone in the car, once or twice. He'll learn fast. Does he make unreasonable demands? Frustrate him.

Then when all is done, undominated, unfrustrated yourself, able at last to look any headwaiter in the eye, and to enjoy a companionable child instead of a tyrannical monster, you will be a better and happier mother.

Harold's Mother Is Afraid to Thwart His "Artistic Self-Expression" So She Lets Him Drill Holes in His Father's Radio Set, So He "Can See the Wires."

REQUESTS for "more of the same" have swamped The American Weekly ever since the appearance, on July 31, 1947, of Evelyn Barkins' article, "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator." Here the 29-year-old mother, who is a doctor's wife and herself an attorney, tells how she went about making her three untamed youngsters behave.

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

Granddaughters of the Oil Magnate, Each Married a Prince and Each, in Her Way, Found Unhappiness and Misery

VANISHED MILLIONS *of the* *Cincinnati Princesses*

In Desperation, Helena's Husband Tried His Unskilled Hand at Forgery, but Was Detected and Jailed.

By Gene Coughlin

ALEXANDER McDONALD felt contented and justifiably proud as he studied the terms of his last will and testament. When his eyes came to the major item, the Scotch immigrant, who had risen from a teamster in Ohio to an influential role in John D. Rockefeller's oil company, permitted himself a broad smile.

The item, intended as a surprise, provided that his two young granddaughters should share equally in a $15,000,000 bequest.

Laura and Helena Stallo were his only direct descendants and, their grandfather decided, they should live like princesses and the huge fortunes should insure happiness for them.

They did live like princesses, literally. Their money brought each of the beautiful young women a prince for a husband—but it didn't bring happiness. It brought, instead, misery, humiliation and tragedy.

As the money flowed in—one Paris columnist figured their joint income at the rate of $100 a minute—happiness seemed to flow out of their lives.

Helena was 17 and Laura 19 when Grandfather McDonald died in 1910, leaving them two of the wealthiest women in the world. True, the $15,000,000 was to be held in trust until both reached the age of 21, and this circumstance enabled them to continue living quietly—for a while.

Cincinnati, they agreed, was good enough for them. Their father, Edmund K. Stallo, son of the United States envoy to Rome under President Cleveland, felt the same way. He gave his blessing when his motherless daughters announced their engagements.

Helena planned to marry Nils Florman, a recent arrival from Sweden. Laura's intended husband was Jefferson Crane, a wealthy young man from Dayton. The announcements brought frenzied reactions from the girl friends of the Stallo sisters.

"Don't be silly!" the chorus opened. "The very idea of burying yourself out here with all that money! Why, a lord would be proud to have either of you for a wife—"

"Or a duke—"

"Maybe even a prince! Think of that!"

THE sisters thought, and became fully aware of their assets: Beauty beyond the average and wealth beyond the average dream. Ohio, where Alexander McDonald had driven creaking wagons loaded with kerosene, right into the Standard Oil fortunes, became too small for Laura and Helena Stallo. They broke their engagements to young Florman and Crane, and set up temporary headquarters in New York.

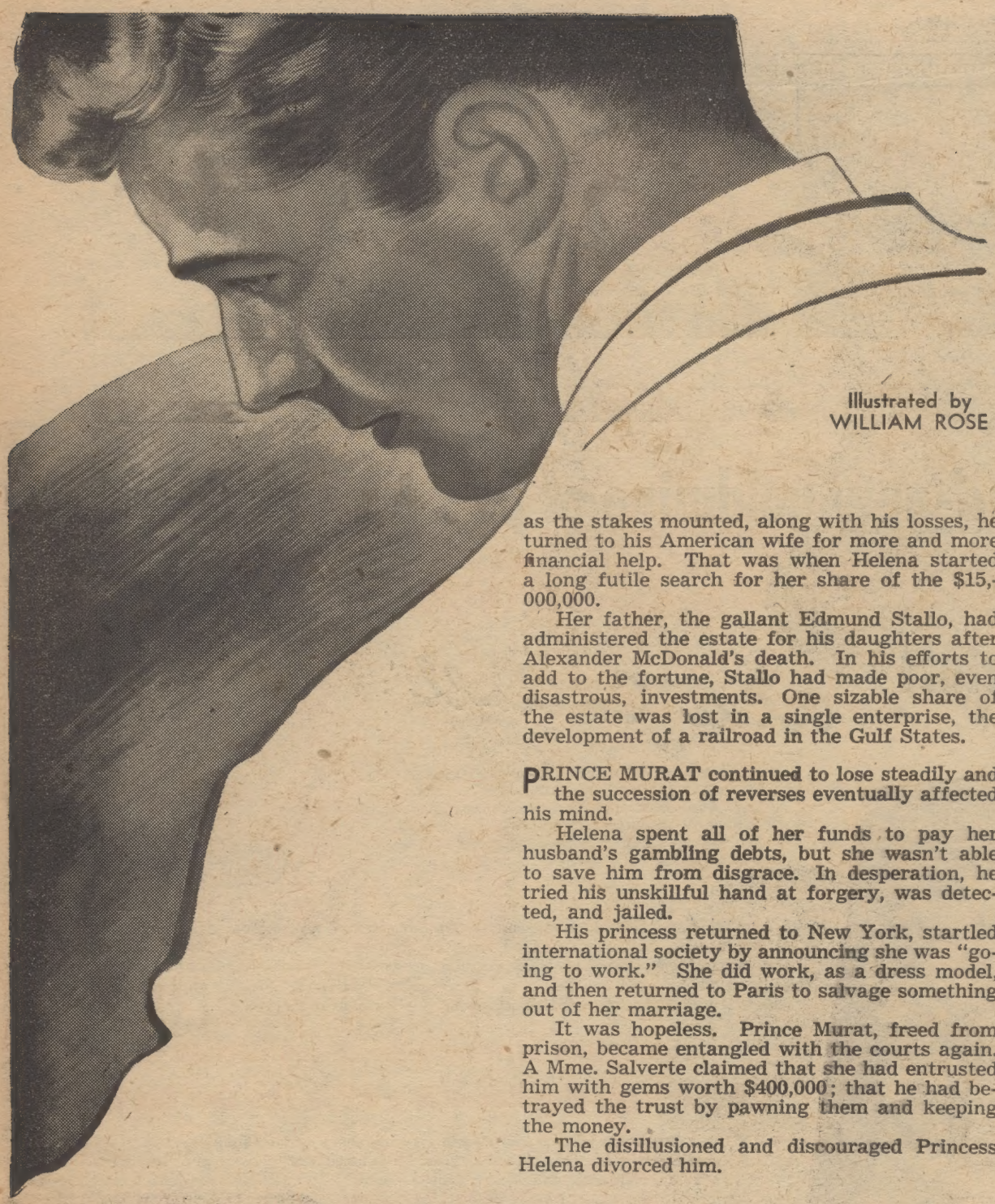
Manhattan mothers with marriageable daughters prepared to repel the invasion of the Stallo sisters, but their fears were groundless. Laura and Helena looked over the field of eligible bachelors, and turned their lustrous eyes toward Europe.

Helena sailed for Europe and a battery of reporters met her in London.

Was it true she had bought 200 pairs of shoes in New York?

Did she actually bathe in a tub of solid gold?

Helena dimpled and moved on to Paris, followed by several titled bachelors. The field of suitors was left far behind when Prince Michel



Illustrated by
WILLIAM ROSE

Heartbreaks of Society

Charls Murat started paying her marked attention. The great-grandson of Napoleon's marshal courted the Ohio beauty for several weeks before she promised to be his princess.

A letter from London was a powerful factor in his suit. The letter, a collector's item today, was written by the former Empress Eugenie, Murat's aunt. Its contents have never been revealed, but the marriage, attended by the bride's father, took place shortly after its arrival in Paris.

HELENA moved into a fashionable district with her prince, and Laura Stallo, following Helena's example, married Prince Francesco Rospigliosi. His family had been important in Italy as far back as the Middle Ages.

He was fed up with Europe for the time being; the World War I pot was already boiling. So the Prince and Princessa Rospigliosi chartered a yacht and sailed for the Arctic Ocean on their honeymoon.

It was, the Prince said, the only spot on the globe he had not visited.

World War I, remote as it first appeared to the two sisters, was destined to affect their marriages and their fortunes.

For one thing, something was happening to the $15,000,000 which supposedly was theirs to divide. They had been living luxuriously, along with their princes, on the income, although in the case of the Princess Murat it became a struggle.

PRINCE MURAT had a secret vice—gambling. In the early months of the marriage, he had been able to pay his losses—apparently he never won—from his own funds and those advanced by Helena, supposedly for other purposes. But as the stakes mounted, along with his losses, he turned to his American wife for more and more financial help. That was when Helena started a long futile search for her share of the $15,000,000.

Her father, the gallant Edmund Stallo, had administered the estate for his daughters after Alexander McDonald's death. In his efforts to add to the fortune, Stallo had made poor, even disastrous, investments. One sizable share of the estate was lost in a single enterprise, the development of a railroad in the Gulf States.

PRINCE MURAT continued to lose steadily and the succession of reverses eventually affected his mind.

Helena spent all of her funds to pay her husband's gambling debts, but she wasn't able to save him from disgrace. In desperation, he tried his unskillful hand at forgery, was detected, and jailed.

His princess returned to New York, startled international society by announcing she was "going to work." She did work, as a dress model, and then returned to Paris to salvage something out of her marriage.

It was hopeless. Prince Murat, freed from prison, became entangled with the courts again. A Mme. Salverte claimed that she had entrusted him with gems worth $400,000; that he had betrayed the trust by pawning them and keeping the money.

The disillusioned and discouraged Princess Helena divorced him.

She died, heartbroken, in Paris, at the age of 38.

LAURA STALLO, Princessa Rospigliosi, was faring no better financially, although her married life seemed happier than that of her younger sister. She became the mother of two daughters, Francesca and Camilla, and it was largely because of them that she persisted in her efforts to untangle the financial knots in the estate.

Her quest took her to court in 1919 when she claimed one item of $229,000 had been transferred from the estate to her father, and no accounting had been made.

By 1930, the $15,000,000 supposedly set aside for the two sisters had disappeared, according to Laura. She left her husband and two daughters in Europe and came to New York to direct the search for the missing funds.

She had pawned her jewels, the Princessa Rospigliosi declared in an affidavit.

"I receive no money from my husband," she continued. "I have nothing except pawn tickets upon which I have obtained $300. I do not know the real value of the objects in pawn.

"I OWE $4,000. My niece, Laura Murat (Helena's daughter) contributes to my support. I have an interest at this time of $4,000,000 in the estate of Alexander McDonald and I am suing my former lawyer for an accounting of that money."

Her suit for an accounting was directed against Attorney Nash Rockwood. In it she contended he had handled $10,000,000 of the estate funds. The action was assertedly settled out of court for an amount that was not revealed, but was termed "no princely sum."

Like her sister Helena, Princessa Rospigliosi also went to work.

She opened a cosmetics shop in New York but the bottom had dropped out of the luxury market in the years immediately following 1929, and the enterprise failed.

Laura decided to return to Europe, her growing children and her prince. Just before her ship sailed from New York, a messenger handed her a huge bouquet of flowers, a gift from the Duchess de Richelieu.

"How nice," sighed Princessa Rospigliosi, "that she remembered!"

A minute later the flowers went hurtling through the porthole. Tucked into the bouquet, Laura had found a court summons demanding she make payment for antiques bought from the Duchess for use in the defunct cosmetics shop.

IN PARIS, she tried her hand as a hostess in a swank cafe where once she had been the hostess at parties for the nobility and royalty of Europe. She managed to keep her family intact and her marriage on a happy footing, outwardly, until 1938.

Then the Prince Rospigliosi voiced his discontent. For one thing, she had promised him one-half of her fortune of $7,500,000 as part of the marriage settlement. The fortune, she must admit, had failed to materialize.

Another thing, the prince went on: he was in love, and not with Laura Stallo of Cincinnati. He would like a divorce so that he could marry a titled Englishwoman.

Laura surveyed what was left of the marriage that had lasted nearly a quarter of a century—and agreed to get a divorce on the convention grounds of desertion and mental cruelty.

To facilitate the action, she took up residence in Florida, where the decree was granted secretly in 1938.

GOSSIP in the United States and abroad indicated the second Princessa Rospigliosi would be Lady Vera Newborough. Whether the prediction was correct was never determined; Lady Vera died and the prince settled in Rome at the outbreak of World War II.

He died, according to the Berlin radio, in 1943, still resentful of the fate and financial fizzle that had robbed him of his share of the millions left by Alexander McDonald.

His divorced Princess, Laura, and her two daughters finally decided to settle down in the United States.

The tragedy of the Stallo millions had its sequel in the person of the father under whose management much of the estate had disappeared.

He dropped from sight for several years, reappeared in San Francisco, a genteel little man given to wanderings in the suburbs and across the bay in Sausalito. He liked to talk and his manner readily won him audiences — usually small boys and girls.

"There's no telling," he would say. "You little girls might grow up to be rich and famous. Mine did. Married princes, both of them—"

"And did they live happily ever after?" a little girl might inquire.

"Well, now—" and the old man seemed at a loss to remember just how it had turned out. And the conversation wandered, too, when he tried to tell of the millions of dollars that he had known in his time.

A TIRED, middle-aged woman entered a San Francisco courtroom on Feb. 20, 1940, and identified herself as Mrs. Clarissa Stallo, wife of Edmund K. Stallo.

She was worried about her aging husband and his wandering habits. She was also worried about the problem of feeding and clothing him on her earnings of $100 a month, some months, as a dressmaker.

So Edmund K. Stallo, at one-time father-in-law of two princes, was committed to the Napa State Hospital, where he lived until 1945; lived so quietly and calmly that he was discharged as "improved."

Two years later he was admitted to the county hospital in Sacramento, where he died March 16, 1947, aged 84.

Arrangements for the simple funeral were made by an unidentified woman who refused to say whether she was a relative or just a friend.

"It doesn't matter who I am—now," was all she said.

Other "Heartbreaks of Society" stories will appear in The American Weekly from time to time.

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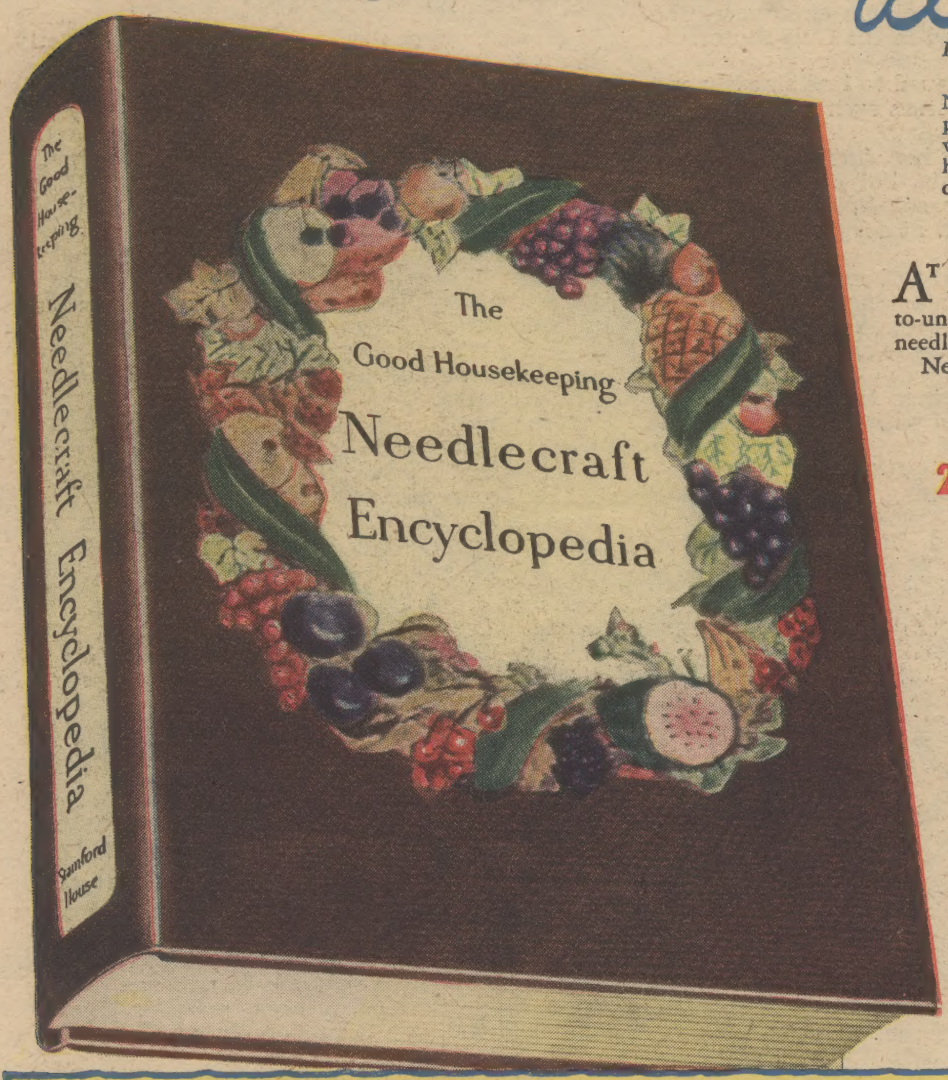

Alice Carroll

Director, Good Housekeeping Needlework Room

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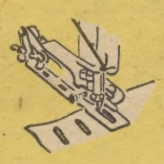

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LOOK WHAT *Priscilla* STARTED

By Allen Greenacre

When the Pilgrim Maid Chose John Alden, She Gave to America Many Illustrious Names

EVERY American schoolchild knows that Priscilla Mullins snubbed brave but bashful Captain Miles Standish in favor of John Alden, the handsome young cooper he sent to plead his cause.

Only genealogists and a few historians have bothered to record an equally romantic sequel which was cited the other day in connection with a divorce suit in Detroit. This was the interesting but long neglected fact that Miles married another Puritan maid and that their eldest son, Alexander, became the husband of Sarah, fourth of the 11 children of John and Priscilla.

A modern descendant of that second generation match between an Alden and a Standish is Capt. Frederick Dana Standish, U. S. A., the defendant in the Detroit divorce suit. Through his mother, he inherited the blood of all three principals in the famous courtship, and got an extra dash of the Standish strain through his father, who was a direct descendant of Miles.

All of his romantic inheritance, however, doesn't seem to have helped him to make his own marriage successful.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was also a descendant of Priscilla, has her remark in his famous poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish:"

"When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it."

In her recent divorce complaint against Frederick, Mrs. Jean Taylor Standish indicated that she didn't think her husband adhered to that principle when he told her he loved her so much that he wanted to give her greater happiness by living apart from her.

She said she believed an interest in other women accounted for his attitude, and won a decree after presenting letters she had intercepted from a Mlle. Odile, whom he met when he went to France with General Patton's Third Army.

In presenting her case to the judge, Jean's attorney said that perhaps she should have advised her husband to "Speak for yourself, Fred," which brought into the courtroom recollections of that first year after the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth.

More than half of the 101 who arrived in the Mayflower succumbed during the winter, among them Rose, the wife of Miles Standish, and the father, mother and brother of Priscilla, a Huguenot girl whose admirers insisted that her eyes always matched the shade of any dress she wore.

Neither Standish, a professional soldier, nor Alden, who had been hired to keep the colony's water casks in condition, were genuine Pilgrims (or Separatists, as the colonists called themselves because they favored separation of Church and State). After the death of Rose, they lived together in a small cabin. Standish wanted to marry Priscilla, and the same idea had occurred to Alden.

Some historians say the gruff captain sent a man named Calvert to convey his proposal to the charming orphan, but in his poem, Longfellow has John Alden playing that role and portrays the scene as follows:

"...as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

John and Priscilla were married the following year. In the poem, Standish left the colony in a pique after he had been jilted, but returned in time for the wedding. As a matter of record, a few months later he married a girl named Barbara, who had arrived with the next boatload of colonists.

If there had been any real bitterness between the rivals, it soon vanished. When Plymouth began to seem crowded, the Standishes and Aldens moved across the bay to found a new settlement which was called Duxbury, after the captain's ancestral home in England.

John Alden, who was 88 years old when he died in 1687, the last surviving signer of the Mayflower Compact, was only 21 when he reached America. One of his descendants, President John Adams, called him "the first stripling ever to step on Plymouth Rock."

Although comparatively few of them have taken the trouble, it has been estimated that 5,000,000 Americans can trace their ancestry directly to John and Priscilla Alden. Longfellow and President Adams were only a few of the famous people who have appeared in the nine succeeding generations.

The poets also include William Cullen Bryant and Nathalia Crane, and there was another president, of course—John Quincy Adams.

Other literary lights are Authors Irving Bachellor and Gelett Burgess, Biographer Gamaliel Bradford, Humorist Bill Nye and Harvard's President Conant.

The amusement world is represented by Producer Vinton Freedley, Composer John Alden Carpenter, Actress Betty Field and even General Tom Thumb, the famous midget. Diplomat Breckinridge Long and Charles Francis Adams, former Secretary of the Navy, are in the Alden genealogical line, and so are Judge Samuel Seabury of New York and Major General G. Van Horn Moseley.

In fact, America might be not nearly as interesting a place in which to live if John Alden hadn't known the proper answer to Priscilla's question.

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

"Speak for Yourself, John," Said Priscilla Mullins After Listening Attentively to the Proxy Marriage Proposal of Captain Miles Standish.

The fun went out of the party when I heard . . . "hands like Lobster Claws!"

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No purer soap was ever made

By Warren Hall

BROOKLYN was having a neighborhood block party. It annoyed Raymond Hitchcock, the producer, who was trying to reach Manhattan in a hurry. As his big car threaded through the crowd, he viewed the festivities through half-closed eyes. Suddenly he leaned forward and tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder.

"Wait a minute," he said.

The car stopped. Hitchcock, wide-eyed now, watched the nimble feet of a little girl who was tap dancing in the center of an admiring circle. When the music stopped, he called her over.

"What's your name?"

"Anastasia Reilly."

"How old are you?"

"I'm eight. Why?"

"Is your mother here?"

"She's right over there. See? With the big flower on her hat."

Mrs. Teed Buhl, the Former Follies Star, After 21 Years of Marriage Is Still as Smart as She Is Pretty, According to Her Husband.

THE CAREERS OF *Anastasia Reilly*

The Energy, Wit and Charm That Brought Her Success on the Stage and in Marriage Are Now Responsible for Running a Profitable Publishing Business

"Tell her I want to talk to her."

As simply as that, the life of 'Stasia Reilly turned from baby carriages to vaudeville, to the Ziegfeld Follies, to her name in lights on Broadway, to marriage with a wealthy sportsman and, finally, to a career as a newspaper publisher in Michigan.

At Hitchcock's suggestion, she went to dancing school and then into two vaudeville acts which toured the East. When she was 14, Hitchcock featured her in his own show, "Hitchy-Koo of 1919." In 1921 Florenz Ziegfeld persuaded him to join the Follies, and he brought Anastasia with him.

One evening in 1923 Ziegfeld took a young man to 'Stasia's dressing room.

"This is my nephew, my sister's boy, Theodore Buhl. We call him Teed. He's from Yale and he wants to go out with a dancer. He's harmless. Let him spend some money on you."

'Stasia didn't see Teed Buhl again until 1927, when he was graduating and asked her to the senior prom. She had been in "Annie Dear" with Billie Burke, in Richard Herndon's "Americana," in "Louie, The Fourteenth" and Gene Buck's "Yours Truly" with Leon Errol, and had just signed a five-year contract with Buck for a sister act (Whoozis and Whatser Name) with Geneva Mitchell.

A few weeks after Buhl had taken her out the second time, she appeared in Buck's office.

"I want to break my contract," she said.

"Why?"

"I'm going to get married."

Buck reached into a drawer, pulled out the contract, tore it in half and handed it to Anastasia. "Even I," he said, "have never written a tune that could compete with Lohengrin."

Mr. and Mrs. Teed Buhl settled in Detroit, where two of his ancestors had been mayors and where he had inherited an interest in half a dozen large corporations, growing out of a hat firm founded by his great-grandfather in 1833.

Teed sat on boards of directors and established a successful racing stable. (His Air Sailor, which 'Stasia named while he was serving in the Navy's lighter-than-air branch, placed fourth in the Kentucky Derby in 1945 and won the time-honored Frontier Handicap at Detroit.)

'Stasia labored in hospitals, did a long stint of charity work for the Junior League, and entertained extensively in the upper brackets of Detroit society, which had gladly accepted her wit and charm in lieu of lineage, but she still needed an outlet for her boundless energy.

In Grosse Pointe, an elite Detroit suburb where the Buhls had built a beautiful home (with a tennis court, pool, elaborate pool house and a cattery for 19 feline pets), there was a small weekly newspaper. Anastasia had always wanted to write, and even in the Follies had turned out a piece which Cosmopolitan almost bought. The weekly publisher eagerly accepted her offer to write a column for him.

She called it Grosse Exaggerations and signed herself A. Pryor, which was also a pun. Filled with good names, chatty observations and innocuous gossip, it built up circulation.

Robert Edgar, a New York newspaperman who had married a Detroit girl and moved to Grosse Pointe, confided to a local restaurateur that he would like to start a paper there, and was looking for a partner.

"The person for you to see," said his host, "is Mrs. T. D. Buhl."

A few weeks later the weekly Grosse Pointe News was born with Edgar as editor and Anastasia as columnist, reporter, proofreader and office girl. That was seven years ago. The News now has its own office building, a staff of 10, a circulation of 7,500 and a profitable array of ads.

The partnership, known officially as Abbe Press, later bought the Detroit Westward, a weekly on the opposite side of the city; the Grand River Record, in the Dearborn section; and established a composing room which employs 50 printers and gets out 15 weeklies for other publishers.

Anastasia confers with the department heads, fills in wherever she is needed, writes her head off and has a wonderful time. Her husband frequently deserts his stables and business enterprises to go over the accounts and offer advice.

Her other interests have been hard on her cats. She keeps three in the front of the house and one ill-tempered one in the servants' quarters, where her maid also has a cat and a dog, but there are only four rattling around in the big cattery on the grounds.

When she realizes her current ambition—a chain of weeklies extending across Michigan—she's afraid she may have to give up cats.

Next to Living Alone and Making Money, the Most Important Interest in the Life of the Richest Man in the World Is Food

Mr. Five Per Cent

Mr. Gulbenkian, Worth $800,000,000, Has Made Himself Famous in Lisbon by Frequently Rejecting Everything on the Hotel's Menu.

By Irving Johnson

IT WAS almost a daily ritual. The waiter carried the tray into the room, bowed low and removed the silver cover. Underneath, an uncooked fish lay on a polished plate.

The bald-headed man inspected the fish for several minutes. Then he picked up a scissors and made a small, deep slit in it. The waiter replaced the cover, bowed again and backed out of the room.

The ceremony was over. Mr. Five Per Cent had put his mark of approval on the fish and now it could be cooked for his dinner. The rest was up to the chef.

Later it was served. Then, as on countless previous occasions, the most distinguished guest at the Hotel Aviz, in Lisbon, Portugal, sat by a window in the sumptuous dining room and searched for the identifying mark on the fish.

Finding it was not always enough. The fish had to be done precisely as he had ordered.

For next to the gushing oil wells that made him one of the richest men in the world, the food he ate was undoubtedly the most important thing in the life of Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian, the Middle East's fabulous King of Petroleum.

The alias, Mr. Five Per Cent, was a consequence of an oil deal that yielded him a five per cent interest in some of the world's most valuable oil leases.

From one source alone, he was reputedly earning $300 an hour, and his total wealth, admittedly as much a mystery as the man himself, was estimated at more than $800,000,000 not so long ago.

A naturalized British subject, born in Turkey of Armenian parents, he was living in Paris when the Germans blitzed the French capital early in World War II.

Nearly 80 at the time, he fled the city and found sanctuary in the small, exclusive hotel in Lisbon, where he was still leading his strange, eccentric existence when this was written.

Gulbenkian preferred living and working by himself, and his wife, who left France with him, moved into the Palacio Hotel, in Estoril, a resort suburb of Lisbon. While the oil king worked in Lisbon, she entertained lavishly in near-by Estoril.

His office hours were long and busy. One of his two secretaries was Mme. Thiess, a French woman, who lived at the Aviz and often took dictation from him in the hotel dining room. The other, Madge Harcourt, took whatever dictation was needed in English.

The years at Lisbon were marked by prolonged negotiations with international oil companies seeking concessions in Saudi Arabia.

While Gulbenkian owned a fleet of expensive automobiles in Paris, his only relaxation from work was two taxi rides daily.

The taxi waited outside the Aviz all day and sometimes, when nothing in the hotel kitchen satisfied Mr. Five Per Cent, Mme. Thiess and his valet used it to go marketing.

Reports that Gulbenkian had a regular food taster have been denied. During the war years, however, when rice was hard to get, the chef sent him a large dish with the compliments of the hotel.

Gulbenkian told the waiter to put it on the sideboard and then suggested he try some. After the waiter had eaten some of the rice, Gulbenkian was served. From that incident, apparently, grew the legend that he employed a food taster.

He was always a careful spender and paid only $48 a day for his suite when he moved into the Aviz in 1941. Later, when prices billowed to fantastic proportions, he refused to pay a nickel more than he had contracted for.

Though he checked all bills presented him to make sure they were correct to the last penny, he often gave large tips for small services—especially when he wanted something badly enough.

His table in the hotel dining room was placed on a three-inch platform—to protect him from the cold floor tiles while eating.

When he reached Lisbon, he retained a Dr. Fonseca to look after his health, and they agreed on a medical insurance plan that was to prove highly profitable to the physician.

Following an ancient Chinese custom, the oil man paid Dr. Fonseca the equivalent of $100,000 a year, reserving the right to deduct $1,000 for each day of illness.

For many years, there was a popular legend that Gulbenkian got his start selling lace in the streets of Constantinople. The facts were otherwise.

He was descended from ancient Armenian kings and members of the family for centuries were regarded as the Rothschilds of Asia Minor. By 1850, their banks and commercial enterprises were found everywhere in Turkey.

Gulbenkian had two children, a son and a daughter. The son, Nudr, sued him for $10,000,000 some years ago after the oil Croesus had published notices that he would no longer be responsible for his debts.

The son, four times married at the time, accepted an out-of-court settlement of half the amount—and from then on father and son got along better than ever.

Illustrated by TONY VARADY

Marriage by Mistake

By Fred Dickenson

THE pretty American redhead and the handsome U. S. Seabee Commander delved into Shinto culture and learned that, according to ancient Japanese belief, "in the beginning there was only vapor."

With growing interest, Elizabeth Church, 27-year-old Seattle beauty working with Army Intelligence in Japan, and Commander Frederick T. Ebersole, 34-year-old San Francisco construction engineer, discovered that when Shinto God Izangi and Goddess Isanami stood wrapped in the eddying fog on the high bridge of heaven, mist condensed on a spear. The drops fell and congealed to form the first Japanese Island of Awaji.

More research revealed to them that the handsome God and Goddess eventually married and produced a large family, as well as the other eight islands of the Japanese empire.

All this study of Shinto mysticism kept the commander's mind from his marital troubles back home and the pretty intelligence worker enjoyed his company as well as the study.

In San Francisco, Ebersole's socialite wife, Patricia, had won an interlocutory divorce decree and custody of their three children.

So while his marital troubles subsided, the commander and Miss Church learned many strange and enlightening things about Shintoism before they were told their tour of occupation duty was ended.

Then came an unexpected and upsetting telephone call from Elizabeth to the commander.

"That scroll," she said. "I had it translated."

"You mean that one we got at the 'going-away' ceremony?" he asked.

"Going away nothing," she replied. "They married us in the Shinto religion!"

Ebersole brushed this piece of news off as unimportant—but decided he'd better get the Shinto marriage annulled, but the beautiful Miss Church didn't brush it off so easily.

"It was love at first sight between Commander Ebersole and myself," she said.

"When we got home I went to Seattle to be with my mother while I was ill. Then I learned that the commander had returned to his wife, and that her divorce was not final."

That was when she had the scroll translated.

Superior Judge Alfred J. Fritz, of San Francisco, annulled the Shinto ceremony on the grounds the commander was still married to his wife when it was performed.

Mrs. Ebersole was satisfied with her husband's explanation.

"Nothing was signed," she said. "It was just one of those things."

But Miss Church—

"I still love him," she admitted. "I agreed to the annulment because I gathered that the future of his three children is more important.

"I'm young, but I'm old enough to understand how things like this can happen.

"Our friendship was all modern at the end, after the ancient Shinto beginning, but I shall try to take up a normal life and forget it."

Ebersole said he was forgetting his Shinto studies, too.

Illustrated by
FRANCIS CHASE

Commander Ebersole Thought It Was Only a Traditional Japanese Farewell Ceremony — Until He Discovered to His Horror That He Was a Bridegroom Again

On the day they were to sail for home the commander and his beautiful friend went to a Shinto temple and donned ceremonial robes.

They knelt before a Shinto priest, who intoned strange words while flutes piped weird melodies and a gong sounded softly. From each of three cups they took three sips.

Once back in the United States, Ebersole rejoined his wife and three children after a reconciliation. Elizabeth, who became ill, went home to Seattle, and knew nothing of this.

Dressed in Colorful Robes, the Couple Listened to the Shinto Priest Intoning the Ritual.

A Normal Heart Cannot Be Ruined by Sports, Says the Medical Director of the American Heart Association

By Booton Herndon
and G. B. Lal,
Science Editor

IT WAS a perfect day, just right for golf, and Wendy Barrie, the actress, thought of her friend, Kay Byrne, the former New York State women's champion. She telephoned to see if they couldn't get together for a round.

"Well, just a minute, Wendy," Kay's mother said over the phone. "I'll check with Kay. She isn't up yet."

The minutes went by, and then Mrs. Byrne's voice came back over the wire, a different, subdued voice. "I'm sorry, Wendy," she said. "I'm afraid Kay won't be able to play."

Upstairs, in her room in the family home at Rye, N. Y., the attractive golf star lay quietly. She would never play golf again. She had died of a heart attack during the night.

Kay, a radio and vaudeville star in addition to her role as a champion golfer, had many friends. Several of those friends shook their heads sadly and sighed "Athlete's Heart. That's what it was. Poor Kay."

True, Kathleene Byrne had led a strenuous life during her 33 years. She and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Sylvester Byrne, had long had a vaudeville act. Kay had learned to play golf between performances. True, her participation in a hard fought tournament shortly before her death might have taxed her strength.

But Kay Byrne was not a victim of "Athlete's Heart." The circumstances of her death, according to heart specialists, warrant quite a different explanation.

Kay Byrne, Golf Champion, Ignored Her Doctor's Advice With Fatal Results, But Athletes With Sound Hearts Are Not Affected by the Most Agonizing of Sports.

Athlete's Heart— A MEDICAL MYTH

The consensus of opinion among the leading heart specialists now is that the so-called "Athlete's Heart" is an old myth. While many medical books and articles have been written, discussing whether or not even strenuous exercise can damage a healthy heart, and the subject is still controversial, the evidence against the old belief seems decisive.

"It's hard to shake the popular belief that activity in sports can damage a normal heart," commented Dr. Charles A. R. Connor, medical director of the American Heart Association, and a specialist in cardiovascular diseases.

"The heart is a strong and powerful muscular organ," the doctor added, "and it is capable of withstanding a great deal of exertion. It is only when the heart is already diseased that sports offer any danger."

Explaining the relationship between exercise and heart ailments, on the basis of recent investigations, another distinguished New York heart specialist said:

"You have to distinguish between prolonged and severe exertion and milder athletics. Persons who train for more-than-a-mile foot races, the would-be champions of running marathons, and members of racing crews have been studied. They are likely to have their hearts enlarged.

"But this itself is not a malady. The heart muscle develops together with, and like, the rest of the body muscles by exercise. So long as an athletic person continues systematic exercise, the extra muscle tissue of the heart serves a useful purpose.

"But when such a person becomes sedentary, the additional heart muscle tissue loses its function and turns into degenerate, fibrous tissue. Then as the result of intense physical activity, indulged in occasionally, heart failure might occur."

Practically speaking, no one need worry about the ill effect of exercise if the heart is normal. But persons indulging in sports and other athletics might not be aware of a real heart weakness or ailment.

The heart, like any other muscle, works harder —pumping more nourishment and oxygen in the blood—when the body is more active. A heart weakened by coronary or any other disease finds it difficult to meet the task imposed by strenuous exertion.

Kay Byrne suffered from a heart malady, and had known that for several months before she died. Her doctor had recommended that she curtail her golfing activities, but Kay was a spirited girl who loved the game. She entered the tournament and played hard to win. Her death followed a few days later.

By heeding a physician's advice, the existence of heart ailment can be prevented from being fatal. A former tennis champion, who had been playing strenuous tennis for 35 years, noticed a vague uneasiness in his chest after a particularly tough match about a year ago. He was 50 years old, and the discomfort worried him. He consulted the family physician.

The doctor diagnosed the complaint as due to a heart weakness and sent him to a specialist. The specialist prescribed, first of all, adequate rest. After a few months, the former champion was allowed to go back on the courts.

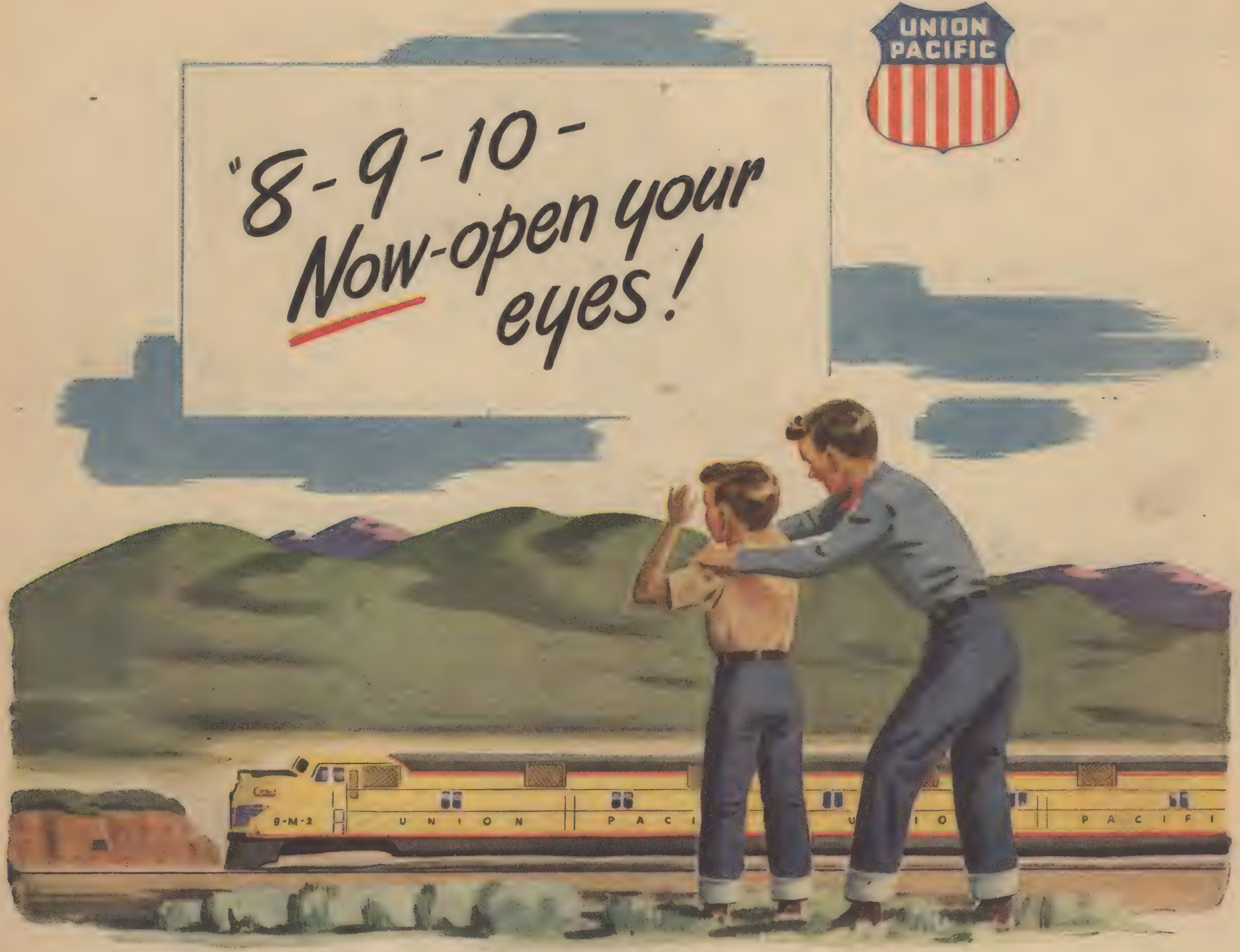
He was instructed, however, to play an easy game, for fun. Recently, as the result of following this regime, the patient was told that his heart was in a far better condition.

Mild exercise, under a physician's instruction, is permitted, and sometimes prescribed in several forms of heart disease.

Among Dr. Connor's patients have been two famous athletes. Both had suffered from heart disease. One resigned himself to curtailing his activities. He has now been able to resume participation in mild sports. The other man would not give up intense athletic activity. He has passed away. He died because he had put unbearable strain upon a weakened heart.

Victims of heart disease, who have been advised to eat, drink, smoke and exercise moderately, and not get emotionally upset or give in to anxiety or rages, have brought on death by violating those instructions.

Everyone should be periodically checked up by a doctor. If any suspicious symptoms occur —such as palpitation, shortness of breath or pain in the chest—a physician should be consulted. If the heart is sound, there should be no worry about the dangers of exercise.



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At the Turn of the Century, Plungers Who Wanted to Make a Killing Engaged Simple-Looking Fellows — Usually Wearing Beards — to Place Their Bets.

Illustrated by FRANCES MASON

By Dan Parker

TO SCORE a ten strike in a race track betting coup, one can do worse than serve an apprenticeship taking over wise guys in bowling matches by posing as a rich brewer from Milwaukee eager to be separated from his bankroll.

At any rate, that very background enabled Johnny Gengler to put a deep dent in smart Benny Kay's big Jersey book not long ago when he engineered a clever betting coup on a filly named Misabi at Aqueduct.

Long before Johnny Gengler discovered horse racing, he used to tour the country, togged out in a Prince Albert coat and the fixin's, haunting bowling alleys and giving the impression that he had more money than sense and a higher opinion of his bowling ability than was either warranted or good for his purse.

Many a city slicker with a sharp nose for easy money tangled up on the alleys with this burlesque show "Dutchman" to his eventual dismay. The "bowling brewer from Milwaukee" brewed nothing but misery for those who mistook him for a soft touch. By the time he had worked this dodge to death, Johnny was known from Coast to Coast as "The Count."

The same psychology that enabled Gengler to outwit so-called wise guys who are perpetually hunting for suckers served him in good stead when he put over the Misabi killing at Aqueduct last July.

Misabi, a nice little filly by Bimelech-Fairisk by Stimulus, had reached the age of three and a half years and had started in seven races without ever finishing in the money, when Trainer Gengler decided it was time she earned her oats for Jay Federbush, her owner.

Mr. Federbush, a loose leaf book manufacturer, had been taken for plenty by tipsters before he wised up to the business and decided that to be sure of winners, one had to make them himself. That's how he happened to become an owner.

The New Jersey books quoted Misabi at 15 to 1 on the morning line, July 8th, when she was entered for the second race at Aqueduct, a seven furlong event for maiden three-year-olds.

For Owner Federbush and Trainer Gengler to bet their money at the race track wouldn't be smart. The price would be beaten down by the wads of nice fresh spinach they sent through the pari-mutuel machines. But that's why "beards" are born.

A "beard" is an agent for a big bettor who doesn't want to show his hand. The name originated at the old Sheepshead Bay track early in the century when plungers who wanted to put over a killing engaged simple looking fellows—usually wearing beards—to fool the bookies, as they invaded the betting ring to get their money down.

Today, the best man to play the role of "beard" is one who is known to the bookies as a good fellow—that is, one who loses his dough and never squawks.

When large commissions began to show up for Misabi in the New Jersey books close to post time for the second at Aqueduct, on the afternoon in question, a flurry of excitement took hold of Benny Kay and some of the other big poolroom operators. Such a heavy play on a maiden like Misabi away from the track could mean only trouble.

Besides, their "figure man" had warned them to watch this baby. As those who put over a coup seldom leave much leeway between the hour they get their bets down and post-time, the books had to act quickly.

In several small places of business outside the Aqueduct track—gas stations, candy stores and the like—telephones started jangling harshly and, in each instance, a nervous acting man who had been hanging around the place made a dash for the 'phone booth.

"Lay off $10,000 on Misabi" came an order to one of these sitting ducks that transferred him into a sprinting pheasant. Other agents of books received similar instructions and burned up the cinders, dashing to the race track. These were the bookies' comeback money agents who spend their afternoons close by a telephone near the track, their pockets bulging with money, as they wait for instructions from their headquarters in just such crises as this.

If the Jersey books were caught with all the money that had poured in on Misabi and the filly won, they'd be sunk. So, in this emergency they "laid off" part of what they were carrying on Misabi, in the machines at the track through their agent. This flood of comeback money served immediately to knock down the price.

In such cases, if the horse wins, the books that had the foresight to lay off half of their burden broke even. On the other hand, if the good thing turns out to be "another one of those things", the bookies take the half they retained as profit and charge the half they lost at the track to "accident insurance."

In this instance, several big books laid off enough at Aqueduct to sink one of the Queen Mary's rowboats, despite the Thoroughbred Racing Association's code which binds track owners not to accept "comeback money."

However, with the handle falling off alarmingly these days, the owners, by caste committed to a policy of "seeing no evil, hearing no evil, and speaking no evil", turned their heads the other way and concentrated on figuring out what their share of this windfall would be at four per cent on the dollar. The comeback money beat the price down from 15 to 1 to 5 to 1.

Misabi, the smart little miss whose pop missed winning the Triple Crown in 1940 by finishing second to Gallahadion in the Kentucky Derby, did herself proud on this occasion. Taking the lead soon after breaking fourth, she was never headed.

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What to look for when you buy a watch

—the most wonderful gift of all

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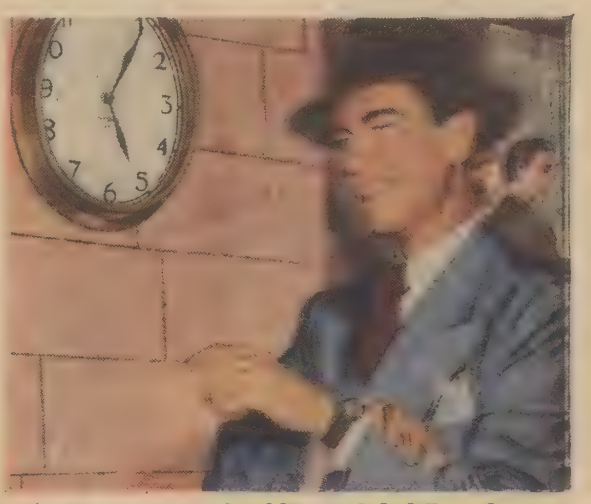

5. How accurate should a watch be? Even the most accurate watch (the world's record* is held by a 17-jewel Swiss movement) may vary a few seconds a week, depending on wearer and weather. No matter what the make of your watch it can be serviced economically and promptly, thanks to the efficiency of the modern jeweler.

*Official Kew-Teddington Observatory Tests, London, England

For the gifts you'll give with pride—let your jeweler be your guide

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

The Sorcery of CIRCE

By John U. Sturdevant

"DO YOU know Circe the enchantress?" Ulysses asked the king on whose shores he had been shipwrecked.

It was evening and the Greek general and King of Ithaca had been telling the story of his wanderings to his host and a company of distinguished guests gathered in King Alcinous' palace.

"Only by name," the king replied, glancing hastily at the queen.

"When we escaped from the land of the Cyclops," Ulysses began, "the giant who dwelt there called on Poseidon, god of the sea, to avenge the blindness I had inflicted upon him for the slaughter of my men. He called upon the god to storm-toss our ships on perilous seas and to delay our homecoming. After heartbreaking losses amongst my men, we finally reached the shores of the isle of Aeaea where lived the witch Circe.

"Some people, as Your Majesty knows, are born to command. Circe was born to carry out her smallest whim on men under her despotic sway. She never failed to create an epidemic of awe amongst her subjects and when they chafed, she turned them into submissive swine."

"What an abominable liberty to take!" the queen exclaimed.

The Enchantress Turned Ulysses' Men Into Swine — See Willy Pogany's Cover Painting

As Circe Anointed the Swine With Oil, Their Bristles Fell Away and They Became Men Again.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

"True, my dear," King Alcinous admitted. "It is certainly a disagreeable way of governing. Nevertheless, it would be a convenient talent for rulers to possess."

"On her island," Ulysses went on, "we waited for two days and two nights. We saw not a living soul. On the third I climbed to the summit of a near-by peak and beheld a column of smoke arising in the distance. I was naturally reluctant to send all my men on such a hazardous scouting trip, so we drew lots from a brazen helmet. Godlike Eurylochus was chosen to lead a party of 22 men to the house.

"As my men stood in the courtyard of the dwelling they heard a voice singing within, and they hailed it. A fair-tressed woman came to the door and bade them welcome. So beautiful was she to behold, this Circe, that they felt drawn within. Only one remained behind.

"He was Eurylochus who, being wise, suspected a trap. From his hiding-place, he saw the woman mix a drug with the food and no sooner had the men eaten than she waved a wand over them. Before the eyes of Eurylochus, his brothers-in-arms turned into swine. Then the woman drove them out of her house into pens and threw them a meal of acorns and mast and the fruit of the cornel tree and other such things as swine are fed upon.

"Eurylochus ran back to the ship to cry out the shameful news. I seized my silver-studded sword of bronze and despite the entreaties of my men made my way to the house of Circe. On the way I came upon a youth — it was Hermes, the messenger of the gods, who had once before intervened to save my life. He told me that Circe would try to enchant me with drugs as she had my men. But, said Hermes, if you eat now some of this herb, called 'moly,' you will not fall prey to her charms.

"Circe welcomed me," said Ulysses. "She put a stool under my feet and bade me rest. Her handmaiden brought a cup of gold in which there was wine, mixed with the magic potion.

"While she watched me eagerly, with an evil look on her face, I drank down the wine. She sprang up and waved her wand over my head. I seized my sword as if to slay her. She shrank back and cried out: 'Who are you, who conquer my enchantment? Truly, you must be Ulysses, King of Ithaca, of whom the gods have warned me. Come, put up your sword and let us be friendly. I will treat you with kindness, for you are as great as the stories I have heard about you.'

" 'I cannot believe you, Circe,' I replied. 'Of what good is a promise from you? You, who treat all men with guile and wickedness.'

"She swore that she would keep her promise. She ordered a feast brought, one that did not contain the drug. But I would not eat.

"I said to her: 'How can I eat while my men are changed into swine, living in sties and eating out of a common trough; men who fought by my side in the Trojan war and offered their lives for mine? If you would have me eat and drink, first let me see my friends in their own human forms.'

"When Circe heard me speak thus she went to the pens and anointed each of the swine with an oil. Magically, their bristles fell away and they became men again, even taller, handsomer and younger than they had been before.

"After that we lived on the island in friendship for a year and Circe did not treat us guilefully. Yet, there was a longing in each man's heart for his home and finally they begged me to intercede. Circe gave us leave to go and told me of the many dangers we should meet.

"She told me of the Sirens who lured men to destruction with their songs, of six-headed Scylla and whale-mouthed Charybdis who drank the sea and spewed it forth to wreck mariners, of the Cattle of the Sun."

"Do tell me of the Sirens," King Alcinous asked rather wistfully. "I should love to hear of women who destroy men by their songs. There are so many other ways."

"As Your Majesty wishes," said Ulysses with a bow. "But first, I pray, a few moments in which to catch my breath."

On Sunday after next, Ulysses tells of his extraordinary escape from the Sirens.

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HOT

By William Engle

ONE day last fall, a brisk and ruddy man, expensively clothed, called on a business executive he knew in a tall office building in New York.

He laid his wallet on a glass-topped desk. It was a thin wallet of fine morocco.

"I've got five $1,000 bills there," he said. "Do you want them for $4,000 in small bills?"

The business executive thought for a moment. He looked at his caller — a big-time racetrack and slot machine hoodlum.

"No," he answered. "I don't want them. I suppose I could handle them but I just don't want hot money."

The hoodlum went out, and he was like many another shady fellow today. They have $1,000 banknotes and don't know what to do with them. They are no more likely to step up to a bank teller and deposit them in an account than they would be if the notes were phony $7 bills.

Big bills are hot money now. They're not hot for honest men to handle, deposit, and pay out, without fear, but they're hot for crooks. Racketeers and others, who want to hide the nature of their business and dodge the tax, know the government is out to get them.

They're learning—sometimes the hard way, by prison sentences—how a new regulation of the last few years is working out.

The banks, under this Treasury Department regulation, must report every deposit of $1,000 or more in currency if the bills are 50s or larger (unless the deposits are the normal and customary ones of a corporation or individual).

The reports go to the Federal Reserve in Washington, and the Secret Service receives copies. It's this that strikes fear among hoodlums, whether they're in horserooms or in mahogany-panelled offices. By their bank deposits of big bills, their incomes can be checked and the source of their incomes shown.

It's a predicament for them, and they realize it. So up and down the country, many of them are steering clear of banks. They've established

Black Marketeer Gorman's First Mistake Was Strewing $80,000 in Big Bills Across His Hospital Bed. It So Startled a Nurse That She Called the Police.

MONEY

Many a Rich Crook, Loaded With Greenbacks, Doesn't Know What to Do, Now That Banks Must Report Currency Deposits of Thousand Dollar Bills

a kind of circulation of money of their own. Big bills pass from one to another, and back again. They don't even call the bills money any more. It's "scrip," so much paper that flutters back and forth in that world outside the law.

Once in a while, the United States Treasury Department has learned, they are stuck. A big time hoodlum can have a thousand dollars in his pocket and walk the streets of a big city, unable to buy a ham on rye.

THE gamblers, the big bookies, the quick-dollar boys in any racket, are the ones most likely to be caught thus. They spent their small bills down to the end, with only big ones left, and they are afraid to say to a banker, "Please change this $500 bill."

So sometimes, on the outside, they're willing even to sell good money at a discount.

The racketeers in business often are less cautious, and many of them now have a winter ahead, and more winters ahead, in Federal prisons. They take in hot money and neglect to keep it in their wallets or strong boxes, put it in banks, forgetting that the government may ask why it wasn't reported as income, and where it came from.

"Right Stuff" Tommy Gorman's experience is an example of riding high and falling hard. He is six feet one, rugged and handsome in a toothy way. Son of a railroad station master who married into the social register, he made connections, and the Treasury Department eventually came to think of him as the country's largest individual liquor black market operator.

He dealt in liquor, wholesale. "Buy only the right stuff," he said. He sold the right stuff, good stuff. He charged his company's price, but the government, in the end, estimated that he received "around $1,600,000 in cash side money" in one year while reporting only $30,000 income on his tax returns.

"Right Stuff" Tommy was bold. He even hired a bank teller to count his cash. He'd married Natalie Guggenheim, heiress to the enormous fortune of the late Edmond Guggenheim, of Roslyn Estates, L. I. He wore $40 hats and had a wardrobe neatly tucked into 20 trunks.

Liquor buyers in the early '40s, wanting good stuff, paid him the legitimate price, and in fine hotel suites, or an ornate office here or there, they bargained for the ultimate cost.

The ultimate cost interested the government. It included the "side money." Even while Gorman once was confined to a hospital bed, in St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., the government said, agents brought him the gravy. Once when a nurse entered his room, she saw $80,000 in bills strewn on his bed. She called the police, thinking somehow there had been a robbery.

Looking into his income tax, the government found he had been banking easy money. He disappeared. Circulars went out:

Wanted: Thomas Gorman ...Male, about 190 lbs., about age 40 yrs., smokes cigars continuously. Always well dressed."

He was grabbed in a summer cottage near Atlanta, Ga., posing as "Mike Chapman," a New York playwright in seclusion. (Long before this, his wife had divorced him. No one could save him. He, himself, couldn't.) He pleaded guilty later to income tax evasion and charging over-ceiling prices for liquor.

For evading payment of $946,706 in income taxes, Federal Judge Harold M. Kennedy in Brooklyn sentenced him to three-and-one-half years in Federal prison, on November 1, 1945.

A New York jewelry manufacturer, says the Treasury Department, didn't want to admit his cash receipts, either. His case is the reverse of "Right Stuff" Tommy's. He went to no bank; he hid $100,000 in currency in the basement of his home.

THERE it would be, ready when he wanted it. He thought so. When he went to look, the good earth had taken care of it. It was moulded beyond usability.

Panic then undid him. He made the mistake of hurrying to a bank with his deteriorated bills. The bank—under Form Treasury Currency Report No. 1—reported to the government. Agents checked his tax returns. They found he'd never reported the 100 grand he now sought to get back in new bills.

His tax assessment took all of the $100,000.

A big-money policy game operator, Harry W. Schuermann, of St. Louis, did worse. He had correctly listed his source of income for years, but he resorted to currency deals recently to conceal the amount.

Reports from a bank showed he was buying large bank drafts with cash, using aliases. Revenue agents found that his assets, in the names of aliases, were far more than his tax returns showed.

He was able for a while to conceal tremendous sums. The government held that in 1945 he evaded 88 per cent of his tax. It held that in 1944 he evaded 97 per cent.

"Oh, no," he said. But he was tried and convicted, fined $40,000 and assessed $222,622 for taxes and penalties.

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

Cases like that give the crooks with big bills the jitters. They want illegal profits and they want to avoid paying off, in taxes, to the government. They're continually fearful, too, that the nature of their rackets will be exposed.

Secretary of the Treasury John W. Snyder, in a talk with The American Weekly recently, indicated that they have good reason for their fears.

"We are breaking all records in the recovery of additional revenues from would-be tax evaders," he said.

"When the Department in 1945 began to develop its strategy for the tax drive, considerable attention was given to evidence that tax evasion and attendant black market operations were being facilitated by large-scale currency transactions. The theory of the offenders was that money passed under the table left no telltale record for Treasury agents to unearth.

"But they miscalculated. Regardless of the devious routes they may travel, large sums of currency—and particularly currency in large denominations so favored for a time by the black market—have to come originally from the banks and ultimately find their way back to the banks."

The Treasury estimates that possibly 10 per cent of all recent investigations of income tax returns have resulted from currency reports made by the banks.

HERE are the results of some of the odd ones: A $1,500-a-year government girl came to the attention of Treasury agents when she began depositing sums as large as $20,000. Investigation revealed that she was banking the money for her mother, who was operating an illegal business. The girl was not prosecuted, but the mother was.

In another case, a Treasury agent happened to see a transaction which made him suspicious. He noticed that an insurance agency clerk was depositing $500 and $1,000 bills which he could not have received as salary.

Some detective work disclosed that the bills came from an automobile trailer manufacturer who was a client of the insurance agency. The trailer manufacturer was withholding huge profits in currency to avoid leaving records of his transactions. More than $2,000,000 additional assessment of taxes and penalties resulted for him.

A Midwestern farm implement dealer thought he would be safe if he spread his bank deposits in three states. The Treasury Department made him hand over $56,000, for tax evasion.

A door-to-door salesman reported a small income on his return—and a currency report revealed that he had made an additional $300,000 in one year. It turned out that he had profited as much as $182,000 in deals with one woman. He dealt in antiques, oriental rugs and art objects; his tax return declared only linens.

The biggest collection to result from unusual bank deposits was that of $6,000,000 in the case of Henry Lustig, millionaire head of a New York City restaurant chain.

Norman P. Davis, Assistant Vice President of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, testified that Lustig made four cash deposits in new accounts totaling $541,000.

Lustig was convicted on 23 counts of defrauding the government by evading income tax. Tax deficiencies in the criminal case totaled nearly $3,000,000 and additional liability in civil procedures brought the total in taxes and penalties to around $6,000,000.

Federal Judge Harold M. Kennedy in New York sentenced Lustig to serve four years.

In another important case, an alleged black market operator, Alex Steinberg, was accused of overcharging $938,000 in sales of whiskey to firms in Dallas, Texas, and elsewhere in the Southwest. Testimony on currency dealings, given by C. B. Parrott, of the First National Bank in Dallas, helped convict him.

MR. PARROTT, at the trial, swore that Steinberg, in November, 1944, came to his desk with a newspaper-wrapped package and said that he had "confetti." In the package was $292,000 in large bills for Steinberg's account.

A jury convicted him and Judge T. Whitfield Davidson fined him $24,000 and sentenced him to eight years in prison.

Hearing of troubles like these, resulting from possession of big bills, an honest man might wonder whether he, too, couldn't come to grief if he should happen to bank $500 or $1,000 notes. He has nothing to worry about.

If you report your income correctly on tax returns, and if you come by your money honestly, the government is satisfied. Go right ahead. Make money if you can.

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THREE *Lucky* WORDS

Their Memory Haunted the War Correspondent Until He Wrote One of the Year's Biggest Song Hits

By Watson Crews, Jr.

WHEN a buzz bomb landed about a block away, most of the patrons of the London night club found hasty reasons for departing. Some of the orchestra left, too, but the piano player and the drummer continued the languid cadence of a Viennese waltz for the solitary couple remaining on the floor.

For a minute or two the dancers floated on silently, apparently lost in a rythmic world where exploding missiles and minor panics had no place. Then the man, who wore the uniform of an American war correspondent, remarked:

"Sort of close, wasn't it?"

"Close enough," said the girl he had met the night before—and probably never would see again because he was leaving for the front the next day.

"In a way," the man said, "I wish this night could last forever."

The girl in his arms looked up and smiled. "Forever is a long time," she said. "Let's be happy—just for now."

Oblivious to the Crash of the Bomb, Dick Redmond Looked at the Smiling Girl in His Arms as She Spoke the Words He Was to Remember—"Let's Be Happy—Just for Now."

Illustrated by O. F. SCHMIDT

"Just for now," the man repeated. "I like that phrase. Somebody ought to use it in a song."

Somebody did, and the song that was born that night has become one of the biggest hits of the year.

During the months that followed the night club episode, while he went through France and Germany as a correspondent for a radio station in Harrisburg, Pa., Dick Redmond found new signficance in the three words that had climaxed a 24-hour romance. Life on the battlefronts was so uncertain that "just for now" seemed to epitomize it.

When he thought about it, Redmond realized that the phrase came close to expressing his own lifetime philosophy. He had gone into radio as an announcer soon after he left school, but when opportunities didn't open up fast enough, he tried other things. One of them was a night club in Harrisburg named "The Pirates' Den" which was quite successful, Redmond said, until the landlord tried to cut in on the profits by boosting the rent.

Redmond abandoned the place and tried his hand at organizing orchestras. Some of them clicked, but more of them flopped. He became a carnival barker for a while, and at one particularly low ebb in his fortunes he presided at the carnival ticket window. Eventually he returned to Harrisburg and became a disc jockey.

He was called back from his wartime assignment in Europe by the sudden illness of his mother, who died in the spring of 1945. Imbued with a desire to help promote peace, he asked for and received permission to report some of the United Nations conferences, but he grew weary of the endless diplomatic maneuverings and went back to spinning records.

Every time he put a new number on the air, he remembered what he had told the girl in the London night club. If a "just for now" song was going to be written, it began to look as though he would have to write it himself.

"I felt I was silly to try," Redmond said recently. "In the first place, I knew hardly anything about music. I could pick out notes and chords on the piano, but that was all.

"Nevertheless, the words and music of a song were beginning to form themselves in my mind. It started out with 'just for now,' and each time I hummed it, I added a few more words and a few more bars."

Finally, one Sunday afternoon, Redmond sat down at the studio piano and worked it all out.

"Just for now, let's call it romance;

"Just for now, let's take a chance . . . "*

When he got it down on paper, he asked a friend, David Shoop, to fill in the harmony parts. Another friend, George Kobler, sang it with piano accompaniment for a recording.

Redmond had been connected with show business long enough to know how hard Tin Pan Alley was to crack, but, armed with the record, he set out for New York to try.

"I had two acquaintances in a music publishing company and I made an appointment with them," he said. "I had a hunch it was the wrong thing to do, because I was afraid they might accept my song just as a favor and then pigeonhole it and forget it."

When he arrived for the appointment, he discovered that one man had a death in his family and the other, taking the subway for the first time in years, had fallen on the steps and sprained an ankle. Both appointments were cancelled. Redmond was convinced his first hunch had been correct.

He returned to Harrisburg, leaving the record with a former co-worker, Mari Yanofsky, who was instructed not to disclose the name of the composer until after it had an audition. She telephoned him, almost breathless, to announce that the song had been accepted immediately.

"Okay," he said. "Now you can tell them who wrote it."

"Just For Now" was published last July. Warner Brothers selected it as the theme song for a new movie, "Whiplash." Eight companies put it on wax with such singers as Frank Sinatra, the Ink Spots, Andy Russell, the Three Suns, Connie Haines, Vic Damone, Helen Forrest and the English recording artist, Ann Sheldon. Royalties began to pour in.

"If that English girl ever hears it," Redmond said, "I wonder if she'll remember."

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Dean Cornwell

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY commissioned the muralist, Dean Cornwell, to follow the old, historic trail in California and to record on canvas his impressions of those hallowed landmarks in the progress of our civilization. Here is the last of a series of six pictures, painted by a fine artist assigned to a timeless subject.

ll paints the MISSIONS

The Famous Artist Goes to San Francisco de Assisi Where Maria Arguello's Tragic Love Story Became the Prelude to an Historic Date

MARIA DE LA CONCEPCION MARCELA ARGUELLO'S elder brother warned her: "You are young, Maria. You are at a romantic age. Do not let the newcomer from the distant land turn your head."

Maria laughed. "How absurd even to think of such a thing," she said. "I shall hardly notice him."

They were waiting in San Francisco Presidio for the arrival of the Imperial Chamberlain of Russia, Nikolai Petrovich Rezanov, who was coming to Mission San Francisco de Assisi (now Mission Dolores) on an errand of mercy in behalf of some of his starving countrymen.

It was a morning in 1806. Maria's father, Commandante Jose Dario Arguello, was to have met the Russian but had been called away. Dark-eyed, beautiful Maria, still in her teens, and her brother, Don Luis, were taking his place.

Out of that meeting—Maria's and the Russian's—events developed which have become a part of the old Mission's history.

For Maria, the meeting opened a new world. Rezanov, the tall and handsome Russian, bowed over her hand.

From that moment the girl, whose life had been austerely simple, and the man, a widower, who had known the splendor of the Russian Court, could not find excuses enough to be together.

Rezanov, head of a great fur company and former Ambassador Extraordinary to Japan, had come from Sitka, Alaska, with a shipload of goods which he hoped to barter for food. He attended to his business. But always, it was noted, his mind seemed to be wandering. It was wandering to Maria.

When they were together, he told her of life at the Russian Court. He fired her imagination with stories of gaiety and grandeur. She had never had even a schoolboy suitor before. The tall, fair Russian swept away her senses.

Even the wise old wives along the Presidio began to say, "She is so dear a creature, it may in truth be love. Perhaps the stranger really means to wed her."

"We are going to be married," she said, finally, to her brother, Don Luis. Defiance was in her voice. But she did not foresee his fury.

"You marry a Russian!" he cried. "Never!"

Maria turned away. She told Rezanov. Then he and she pledged their love before the altar in the Mission, and he told her that soon he must leave but that he would return and take her to a shining city.

He sailed out of the Golden Gate with a shipload of supplies for his countrymen, and Maria remembered his words. She kept on remembering.

The months ran on to years. The soft cheeks of Maria grew slim, with the 20s upon her. But her heart did not change. It was true to the Russian she loved.

All the others in San Francisco forgot Nikolai Rezanov, excepting Maria and her father, the commandante. He could read her sad face and knew her perplexed mind. He prayed at the Mission that she would forget.

She did not forget. She walked in the Mission shadows, and above the bay, as she had walked with Rezanov. She never lost hope until the word came.

It was 30 years in coming. Then Maria, in middle age, learned why her fiance had not returned. A little while after he had sailed out the Golden Gate, so strong and resolute, he had died of fever.

"I knew he would have come," Maria said. "Only death could have stayed him."

She did not wait among the shadows after that, nor above the bay. She went to a convent of Dominican Sisters who had arrived at Monterey.

There she renounced her name and the world. She began a life which made her beloved for years by Mission San Francisco de Assisi. As Sister Maria Dominica, she became California's first nun.

Timber and Other Building Materials Were Hauled by Ox-Cart to the Mission. Today This Monument to the Abiding Faith of the Founders Is Known as Mission Dolores

JESSE JAMES *may never die*

When He Was 101 Years Old, the Latest Man to Claim He's the Famous Outlaw Felt He Could Tell All

By Homer Croy

Author of "Corn Country," Etc.

HAVE you read in the papers the stories about the living Jesse James? Well, here in print is told for the first time the facts in this mystery.

I suppose I know as much about Jesse James as anybody, for I was born in his shadow, grew up with his name all around me, and am now writing a book about him.

Once he stayed overnight two jumps from our farm and in the morning, after breakfast, went out and practiced pistol shooting at a shellbark hickory. Every time he shot, the bark flew. I can show you the tree.

Well, before we get down to the white meat, here's what the papers said. In May, 1948, Jesse was discovered living in a tourist camp at Lawton, Okla. The story shook the country.

The photographers came in bus loads and fired enough flash bulbs to re-film "The Birth of a Nation." It was hot news, for, after all, it's rather odd for a man who has been dead 63 years to pop up in a tourist camp. But there he was and he said, "I am the original Jesse James. I was not killed." A lot of people believed him.

Reduced to a telegram this is what the old gent said:

"I wasn't shot in the back. It was another man and his name was Charley Bigelow."

When asked why he hadn't revealed this amazing story before, he ran his hand through his whiskers and said, "Our gang promised that no one would reveal the truth until I was a hundred years old. The others have died. I'm now 101—to be exact—so I can tell all."

What an "all" he told.

I went down to Lawton, Okla., to interview him, but he'd taken his whiskers and fled. But I got to interview him in Chicago.

You may recall what happened that day in St. Joseph, Mo. Jesse thought he would straighten a picture on the wall; taking off his holster, he threw it on the bed, then mounted a chair and, with his hands higher than his head, started to hang the picture. Bob Ford moved quietly in between Jesse and his guns and shot him. Jesse fell on the floor and died without speaking.

When the Lawton Jesse James came so suddenly to life, he was asked how Charley Bigelow could be substituted for him; he said that after Bigelow was shot by mistake he and his wife thought fast and decided to let poor Charley be identified as Jesse. That, he claimed, was done.

The living Jesse said he went out to the stable, disguised himself (a little fuzzy here) and came back and watched his body being carried out. Not only that, but he sang at his own funeral. This is the first time that I know of where a man sang at his own funeral.

Here are four questions I asked:

When Jesse James was 15 he was cleaning his pistol which went off accidentally, taking with it the last joint on the third finger of his left hand. Very few people in the world know this; that's why he had such a liking for gloves. I looked at this Jesse's left hand; he had the customary number of fingers.

I asked about this. He appeared a bit flabbergasted, then finally said, "Oh, that! Well, that was a mistake. It wasn't really shot off. But see this first finger on my left hand! I got into a fight in Mexico and a fellow chewed it up. It's all there, but it's kind of lumpy."

When Jesse James was living at Waverly, Tenn., he had a race horse named Red Fox. I interviewed three old-timers who told me about Red Fox.

"Mr. James, does 'Red Fox' mean anything to you?" I asked.

"He certainly does. He was a scout under Gen. Jo Shelby, was part Indian. He died in July, 1947, 108 years old."

Jesse James Junior was born in Nashville, Tenn., at 606 Boscobel St. He was not really "Junior," for his full name was Jesse Edwards James, but he was always called Junior. The last I heard of him he was living in Long Beach, Calif.

"Does 606 Boscobel St. mean anything to you?" I asked.

The old man thought a moment. "No."

"How many children were born to you, Mr. James?"

"Two. Jesse, Junior, and Mary."

As a matter of fact, four were born. The other two were twins and died.

I went to see Robert F. James at Excelsior Springs, Mo. He's the son of Frank James and the nephew of the original Jesse. I showed him a book that had been written, proving that Jesse is still living. I thought he would be mad.

Instead, he laughed. "Oh, yes. My new Uncle Jesse. I've had 11 Uncle Jesses. They bob up every few years. But none of them ever comes to see me. They're too busy lecturing on Jesse James, or making personal appearances, or boosting rodeos, or country fairs. Once two Uncle Jesses were operating at once. So I'm just mighty glad to welcome this new Uncle Jesse into the family. How's the tip of the third finger on his left hand?"

"It's there," I said.

"That's fine," he said; "we have good healing blood in the James family."

Private conclusions of the author: Jesse James was killed, as his mother and wife said when they identified his body 63 years ago.

"Jesse James," on His Birthday, Revealed That His Left Hand Was Unmarked by a Missing Joint on the Third Finger. The Real Jesse James Lost His When He Was 15 Years Old.

"You're lovely!"

LINDA DARNELL is lovely indeed as she plays opposite REX HARRISON in 20th Century-Fox's "UNFAITHFULLY YOURS"

"I'm a Lux Girl" says LINDA DARNELL

This is a beauty care that really makes skin lovelier! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

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Suddenly he was BLIND

By William Gammon

At 40, Burns Baker, Father of Six Children, Courageously Reshaped His Life to Conquer His Tragic Handicap

THE world never looked brighter to Burns Baker than it did the morning of Nov. 28, 1945. He remembers it vividly. The soft, warm winter sunshine spilling over the Southern California landscape, the smiling faces of his children, their cheery good-byes as he left home for work.

At 40, Baker had much to be thankful for. He had a fine wife, six charming children, apparent good health, and a good job.

That morning, as he had for 21 years, Burns Baker went to his desk at the Security First National Bank in Los Angeles, where he worked all morning.

Then, suddenly, with no warning at all, his vision began to blur a little, and the figures on the papers before him began to dance.

On his noon hour, Baker consulted a doctor. The physician was undecided, maybe it was just a case of nerves.

By nightfall, Baker was totally blind.

His first reaction? Incredulity. This must be a passing phantom, a horrible nightmare that would vanish on waking.

Next day Baker was hospitalized. Several specialists examined him. They nodded their heads sagely; perhaps it was tumor of the brain, pressing on the optic nerve; maybe cancer.

"That's when I began to get scared, really scared," Baker recalls. "Naturally, the first thing I thought of was this gang of mine—all these kids. I wondered how my wife would ever carry on without me."

Finally the trouble was traced to Baker's tonsils, which somehow had affected the optic nerve and filled the eyes with poison. Surgeons removed one of Baker's eyes; they saved the other, but could not restore its sight.

Today, Baker, With His Blind Assistant and His Guide-Dog, Ruby, Conducts an Insurance Business Which Provides Amply for His Large Family.

"I was almost panic stricken," says Baker. "I lay in bed dreading the hour when I'd have to leave and go out into the world with this blindness.

"My wife would sit by my bedside and hold my hand. She's a brave woman, and she kept bolstering me up when I was so wretched I would have preferred death to the terror of the darkness that had closed in on me."

Then he took the first step toward a new career, hardly aware he had taken it.

"I was trying desperately to think of something. The only thing I knew I could do without sight was to run a typewriter. I thought of all the things I'd have to learn again, things I had always taken for granted.

"It was a pretty bleak prospect, and a humiliating one, but life goes on and so does learning. I realized, all of a sudden, that already I was learning things. For instance, I could reach out unerringly for the water glass on my bedside table, where at first I had to grope for it.

"It's surprising what an immense amount of confidence in oneself can be had from even such a little accomplishment.

"It is difficult to regard these little things as achievements—they're so small, and the loss of sight is so large. But once you realize they actually represent accomplishment, progress, your attitude changes from hopeless frustration to hopeful effort."

Baker's brother, a real estate broker, provided him with a typewriter, a desk and phone.

"The telephone company," said Baker, "put my name on the switchboard of the special operators. They were wonderfully helpful, looking up numbers and dialing for me.

"It takes quite a bit of learning when you can't see. I felt like a baby sometimes. I wanted so badly to succeed in my new business, not only for myself and my self-respect, but for my family.

"I didn't want my kids to grow up regarding me as helpless, a charity case. I wanted to win back my position in society as a normal man, earning my livelihood and supporting my wife and children."

Baker began the extremely difficult task of learning Braille, the raised-dot writing of the blind. In a little more than a year, he had learned Braille better than most people do in two years.

He acquired a guide-dog, Ruby, half shepherd and half Alaskan husky, and learned to walk the streets without fear.

He rigged a dictaphone beside his telephone, so he could make sound memos.

He studied insurance, took the various state examinations to qualify for licenses.

Then the Braille Institute sent him another blind person, Mabel T. Lovering, who formerly had worked in an insurance office.

"She is now my secretary and assistant," says Baker. "When I make out an insurance form, we attach a special ticket both in typescript and in Braille."

"I don't feel I'm getting charity when people give me their business," he says. "I do most of my business over the telephone, anyway, and not many of my clients know that I'm blind."

Baker has developed several little tricks to help him around the office. He cut a nick in one corner of all his stationary. It enables him to tell the top of the letterhead and to use it right-side-up.

He attached a string to the No. 6 hole of the telephone dial as an aid to memorizing the letters and numbers.

The Bakers have seven kids now. Burns, Jr., the oldest, is 12. Then there's Bob, 11; Michael, nine; Glenn, seven; Mary Cecelia, four; Bill, three, and Suzanne, one.

"Of course," says Baker, "the little ones don't realize that I can't see and sometimes they leave their toys around the floor and I stumble over them. So far, though, I've never taken a bad spill."

Financially, Baker has done better than he would have thought possible. Three years ago he was appalled by the fact that his family used nine quarts of milk a day, or that someone needed new shoes almost every week.

"But we don't skimp around here," he declares proudly. "We need a station wagon now because we don't all fit into the family sedan any more—and some day we'll have it. I've paid off my home since I went blind."

Baker has won a major victory over one of the most tragic handicaps that can befall man, and he's done it in record time. He gives a lot of the credit to his wife and calls her the "brave one."

Mrs. Baker is proud of her blind breadwinner and feels that their lives have taken on an added dignity. "It takes courage to fight the battle he has been fighting," she says, "but he has had the courage and the help of a merciful God."

For recreation, Baker devotes himself to a blind toastmasters' club, of which he is president. The club's name? "Men of Vision."

Illustrated by
NORMAN MINGO

New Look for Crooks

They Wear Outfits That Fool Their Victims

A MAN in a snappily-cut blue uniform, complete with black belt and holstered gun, strolled casually up to the cashier's desk of a restaurant belonging to a great New York City chain one afternoon recently.

"Got the money ready?" he asked calmly.

He was dressed exactly like one of the employes of an armored truck concern which regularly collects receipts for the chain. The busy cashier, with hardly a second glance, handed over a bag containing $4,103.

Twenty minutes later the robber showed up at another restaurant and collected $185 more.

The Unsuspecting Cashier Gave the "Guard" $30,000 in Cash and Checks.

NOT until the real collectors made their rounds, did the chain learn that its cashiers had been hoodwinked by a clever robber in a guard's uniform.

His success brought home to New York authorities that crooks—as well as women—have gone in for a "New Look," disguising themselves as the law in order to carry out their larcenous schemes.

The same lesson was outlined a couple of months earlier when a Denver, Col., department store lost $4,000 cash and $26,000 in checks to a brigand in guard's uniform.

The perfection of the Denver thief's performance was explained a little later when detectives tapped Douglas D. Aylesworth, a 40-year-old movie actor, on the shoulder as he was leaving Hollywood's Masquers' Club.

"We want you for a little job of bad acting in Denver," they said. Aylesworth soon confessed, according to police, that he enacted the guard's role in a uniform made to order for him by an unsuspecting Denver tailor.

Over in Siam, a gang of 20 to 30 thugs, some in police garb and others in army uniforms, surrounded a $2,000,000 gold shipment en route to the Bangkok Customs House the other day.

NINE customs guards with machine guns were fooled by the uniforms—until they found themselves covered by the bandits' guns.

Adding to the discomfiture of Siamese authorities, the gang made a getaway with all of the loot except three boxes containing $270,000, which were recovered.

Fearful that other criminals are likely to adopt the "wolf in sheep's clothing" ruse, police of many communities are issuing a warning to cashiers, housewives and others who might be victimized by phony collectors. It is: Don't trust a collector's uniform if the wearer's face is unfamiliar. Insist on seeing a badge or other credentials.

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• These famous Mennen shavers' necessities are offered almost as a gift, solely to introduce you to Mennen. Only 15¢ for the complete Shave Kit, mailed postpaid to your door. Offer limited. Closes midnight March 31, 1949. Hurry! Fill in and mail the coupon today!

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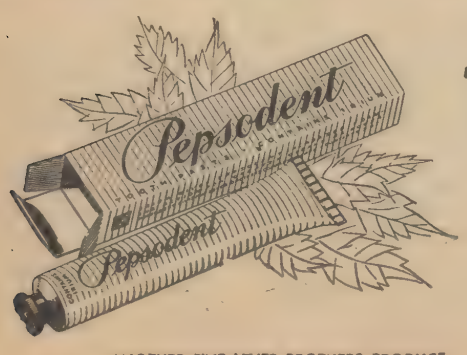
Peggy Diggins' smile wins her a story-book career!

Peggy Diggins, Beauty Director at famed John Robert Powers School, attracts glamorous assignments wherever she goes. Peggy's charming smile was first spotted by a famous columnist, who launched her on a promising movie career.

Then the war began, and Peggy left Hollywood to join the WAC. Soon she was back in the limelight as a war correspondent, traveling in London's most exclusive circles, and meeting world-famous leaders. Now marriage and motherhood keep Peggy close to New York. And her students at Powers School see a shining example in her winning smile. It's a Pepsodent Smile! Peggy says, "Using Pepsodent is part of my beauty routine."



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The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Peggy Diggins knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! They've seen how Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in their smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—in recent tests, families from coast to coast were asked to compare delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an overwhelming majority . . . by an average of 3 to 1 . . . they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*

THE

When Mrs. Lakey Entered the Cowshed Her Assailant Clubbed Her Savagely. Her Husband Was Next on the Slayer's List.

By Peter Levins

NEW ZEALAND'S greatest murder mystery had its locale in the remote settlement of Ruawaro, 75 miles south of Auckland and 14 miles from Huntly. As historic cases go, it happened comparatively recently, in October, 1933.

At that time, and in that region of rolling hills and valleys, of lakes and swamps, there lived a childless, middle-aged couple, Samuel and Christobel Lakey. They ran a small dairy farm, owning some 30 cows, and were understood in the community to be congenially married.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 15, 1933, at 4:15 o'clock, neighbors saw the Lakeys driving their cows toward the cowshed for the usual evening milking. Later the cows were seen to be in the night paddock, where they were invariably placed after the milking.

At 5 a. m., Monday, the customary time for the punctual Lakeys to start the morning milking, the cows were observed to be in the paddock.

At 8:15 they were still there.

"Must be something wrong," Andrew Stevens, a near neighbor, remarked to his wife.

Stevens called another neighbor, a Mr. Wright, and the two went over to investigate.

They found the place deserted. Apparently the Lakeys had gone away late the previous afternoon; they'd had tea but not supper; their bed had not been slept in, and the fire had not been lighted.

Wright phoned the police at Huntly, then he and Stevens began to milk the cows.

In the search that ensued, a neighbor discovered the body of Mrs. Lakey lying face down in a nearby duck pond. Her legs were on the bank, her face in the water, and she had been covered with a heap of old sacks. Her face bore cuts on the chin, above the left eye and on the right elbow, but death, it developed, had been caused by drowning.

Detectives Allsopp and Snedden arrived from Auckland that afternoon, and made an inventory of the contents of the house. Neighbors who examined the list pointed out that a new brown suit of Lakey's and a pair of boots were missing. This development led to a curious further discovery:

The boots had not been Lakey's!

It was established that they belonged to a friend and neighbor, a Mr. Gilmour. As his farm was reached by a clay road, he had formed the habit, when traveling to Huntly, of changing his muddy boots at the Lakey place so that he might go the rest of the way clean shod.

Another discovery:

Invariably, Lakey had so placed his cream cans down at the road that the milk truck driver could swing them aboard without leaving his vehicle. But on that Monday morning the cans had been so far back that the driver had to get down to handle them.

The Auckland officers learned, further, that Lakey had kept four guns in his house, and that two of them were missing.

Examination of the vicinity disclosed the recent passage of a sledge, a circumstance which the officers thought might prove significant. The tracks proceeded from a private road to the home of a neighbor, William Bayly, down to a telephone pole by the boundary fence which separated the Bayly and Lakey properties, turned in a semi-circle, and returned to the private road.

BENEATH a large wattle tree on Lakey's land, close to the aforementioned telephone pole, stood a pair of old cart wheels, with part of the decaying frame of the cart still attached. Portions of the woodwork had been sliced away recently; near these scrapings were some dark spots. Moreover, it was discovered that the grass beneath the wheels was fresh and green.

Traces of wheel tracks led to a point close to the Lakey house. It was established that the wheels and frame had for years lain by a fence immediately surrounding the house, and that they had been observed there on Oct. 11.

Detectives Allsopp and Snedden listened to reports that bad feeling had existed recently between Lakey and William Bayly.

The first dispute between the two men had grown out of a transaction involving meat. Bayly had obtained permission from Lakey to graze some sheep on the latter's property on condition

Illustrated by JOSEPH BRENNAN

CASE OF *The Deserted Cows*

It Was a Well-Planned Crime But in His Blinding Desire for Vengeance the Murderer Was Nevertheless Trapped by His Own Mistakes

that in return he should supply Lakey with a specified quantity of meat. The deal, according to neighbors, had not worked out amicably.

Bayly and Lakey had also quarreled about a road which Bayly wished to construct to his farm. The project would have involved cutting an opening through Lakey's boundary fence, and Lakey had refused to permit this.

Accompanied by Chief Detective Sweeny, who had just arrived, the officers called on Bayly and asked him if anyone had been near his boundary with a sledge. At first he said no, but later he remembered that when he was returning from taking his cream cans to the road on Monday morning he noticed that the telephone pole by the boundary fence was leaning over, so he had driven up to it to see if it was broken.

"Did you find anything wrong with it?" Sweeny asked, and Bayly replied that he had not.

Sweeny then produced a search warrant, and Bayly raised no objection.

When stains were discovered on the top of Bayly's sledge, Sweeny asked if three of the boards could be removed for examination. Again Bayly raised no objection.

MEANWHILE, other officers were making discoveries over at the Lakey place.

In front of an implement shed, which formed part of the fence circling the house, they uncovered bloodstains underneath a kerosene case, on a wooden rail, and on the grass and an adjoining stone.

Here the surface of the wood had been shaved away, and some of the stained shavings were still lying on the ground.

Search of the Bayly home the next day produced these results:

In the bathroom the detectives found a stained shirt and a coat stained on the sleeves. Bayly explained that he had cut his finger a few days previously.

The bathroom also yielded a belt, knife sheath and pouch. At the officers' request, Bayly produced the knife from his kitchen.

In the wash-house, they found two pairs of dungaree trousers, one of which bore traces of blood. While this latter pair was being inspected, an empty pea-rifle cartridge fell from one of the pockets.

"I was hunting Friday and Saturday," Bayly explained, "and I must have dropped the shell into my pocket."

Asked where his rifle might be, he led the officers to the gun in the separator room of his cowshed.

Laboratory tests in Auckland revealed traces of human blood on the trousers, and, perhaps most important of all, human blood in the thumb hollow on the blade of Bayly's razor-sharp knife.

All efforts to locate Samuel Lakey or his body having thus far proved completely fruitless, Chief Sweeny ordered that all the swamps and water holes on the Lakey and Bayly properties be probed inch by inch. This new search did not produce another body.

However, in a water hole some 140 yards from the Bayly house, a constable retrieved the barrels of a double-barreled shotgun, and the fore end of a shotgun. Another hole, not far off, gave up the stock of a pea-rifle.

At Sweeny's suggestion, these objects were put back into their hiding places, then Bayly was brought down. While he looked on, the gun parts were taken out of the mud and water, and he was asked if these articles belonged to him. He replied that they did not,

Later the same day the stock of a pea-rifle was found in another patch of swamp.

THAT night at about 10 o'clock, two watching constables, well concealed, saw Bayly leave his house and approach the water holes down the hill. He came near, stopped, looked around very cautiously, then stepped to where the gun parts had been uncovered.

"Bayly, what are you doing down here?" one of the officers called out.

"Why — nothing," he said, apparently unruffled. "I knew you men were here."

Then he went back to his house.

The next day the searchers found the missing shotgun stock, which meant that they now had two complete guns. And it was soon known, from a check of the licenses, that they had belonged to Lakey.

Here was another matter:

An expert of the criminal registration department at Wellington, Sergeant Dinnie, made vastly enlarged photographs of the shaved wood and of Bayly's knife. With these he proved that the knife edge showed irregularities which exactly fitted irregularities appearing on the wood. Dinnie's findings were confirmed in similar tests later made by Dr. Dennis Brown of Auckland University.

Chief Sweeny and his men tackled the Bayly place again. And again found fresh evidence.

Some days previously, when examining Bayly's cowshed, they had noticed a shovel bearing some deposit that resembled ash. They had asked Bayly what this might be, and he had replied that he did not know.

"Well, we will take the shovel for examination," they had said, but he had protested that he would be needing it in his work.

They had left the shovel, but they had removed the deposit and sent it to Auckland with their other ever-growing collection of exhibits.

Now they had a report:

The deposit had been found to contain bone ash, charcoal, and burned sacking.

This development recalled to the investigators' minds certain testimony of neighbors:

1. Toward dusk on Sunday evening, Oct. 15, a heavy volume of black smoke had been observed pouring out the Bayly cowshed.

2. On the following day—indeed, for several days—Bayly's eyes had been red.

Because of these findings, the detectives looked for evidence of fires and burnings. This search brought their attention to the bottom half of a 40-gallon benzine drum, which, cut recently, had previously been used as a stove. They asked Bayly about it, and he explained that he had cut the drum in two because it was old and useless, and because he wanted the lower half to make a fire in.

Why had he wanted a fire? To heat an iron in, he replied. What kind of an iron? He produced an old ax, which showed signs of having been treated.

A deposit of ash was scraped out of the makeshift stove.

Soon afterward, in a small paddock, they discovered a number of bones. Again they questioned Bayly, and he explained that he regularly crushed the bones and dug them into the garden as fertilizer.

"Do you burn them?"

He replied that he did not.

By now it was late November. It was quite obvious to all concerned in the case in just what direction the inquiry was headed. The police had a suspect definitely in mind, and they had one body. But they had no jury-proof means of connecting the one with the other.

On Dec. 1, officers called at the Bayly home to find that, like Samuel Lakey, he had disappeared. Moreover, there was evidence that he had committed suicide—very poor evidence, as things turned out. His wife, when questioned, produced this letter:

"30-11-33."

"My Darling Philly,

"Yesterday in Auckland I received definite information that the police were going to try and put the blame for Mrs. Lakey's death and Lakey's disappearance onto me. They have to vindicate themselves somehow—after the blunders they have been making in the search for Lakey, and think I will be the easiest one to catch. As you know, I was with out that night; but I do not intend to let them put their dirty tricks on me. I have picked out a nice spot to rest in, so love to you and the kids. The farm will bring you a bit.

BILL."

Detective Allsopp found in the Bayly house a writing pad of similar sheets, and impressions on the top sheet corresponded to the marks on the "suicide" note. The conclusion, therefore, was that the letter had been intended for the police rather than for Mrs. Bayly.

As the hunt for the 27-year-old suspect spread all over North Island, officers redoubled their efforts to find Lakey's body.

In this connection, it was recalled that a certain area of ground near the Bayly house had been freshly dug. As nothing had since been planted there, the investigators decided to regard this plot as an object of suspicion. And with reason, for their shovels soon revealed bits of charcoal, burnt bone, and glass.

Further digging uncovered fragments of bone, a clip and a stud from a pair of braces, several pieces of cloth, several boot nails, and two artificial teeth.

Numerous other fragments having been found, a near-by vessel of sheep dip was emptied, and at the bottom were found burnt bones and charcoal, the case of a cigaret lighter, and a tuft of hair.

The tuft of hair corresponded exactly with Lakey's hair.

The cigaret lighter had been a Christmas present to Lakey from a Miss Kenn. When its original wick had been expended, Lakey had replaced it with a home-made one of white wool, obtained from Mrs. Lakey's work basket. This same home-made wick was found in the case recovered by the detectives.

EXPERIMENTS by Dr. Brown and Sergeant Dinnie showed that the shell which had fallen out of Bayly's pocket had been fired from Lakey's pea-rifle.

After some experiments, the authorities decided that a human body could have been consumed by fire in the makeshift stove.

Meanwhile, what of William Bayly?

His disappearance proved a dud, for the police found him at the office of his solicitor in Auckland, and he went on trial on May 21, 1934, before Mr. Justice Herdeman. This proceeding lasted 21 court days, during which period the jury heard 77 witnesses and examined a total of 274 exhibits.

The theory of the prosecution, as outlined by V. R. Meredith, was that Bayly, obsessed by hatred and a spirit of vengeance, went to the Lakey place just before the Lakeys finished milking that Sunday afternoon. He knocked Mrs. Lakey senseless, and when Lakey followed his wife up from the cowshed, he shot him down, and the blood spattered over the implement shed.

Bayly, the prosecutor continued, dragged Mrs. Lakey to the duck pond and held her head in the water until she died. Then he had placed Lakey's body on the wheels and frame and carted it down to the fence. As the wheels could not be taken through the fence, Bayly had brought up his sledge from his own road.

From there, said Meredith, he had carted the body to the cowshed and there burned it, along with the victim's clothes and rubber boots, in a drum which Bayly had later cut in two and placed in different parts of his garden.

In his summation to the jury, Meredith reviewed the exhaustive case assembled by the investigators. Then, referring to the bones, parts of clothing, metal buttons, leather, boot nails, and other fragments, he asked:

"Whose remains are these? The evidence would indicate that no other inference could be drawn but that they are those of Samuel Lakey."

The jury deliberated for 71 minutes, then returned with a verdict of guilty as charged. Bayly was hanged at Mount Eden jail, Auckland, on July 20, 1934.

Historians of the case have speculated whether this man would have succeeded in his crime had more time been granted him to cover up its traces. They agree that he was defeated by his own mistakes.

His first mistake had been to leave the cows in their night paddock instead of driving them down to the shed. Thus the curiosity and suspicion of Neighbor Stevens had been aroused, and the police had soon been on the scene.

He had slipped up when he took from the house the wrong pair of boots. (The boots and Lakey's brown suit were never found.)

He had erred in placing the cream cans too far back on the bank of the road.

He had not had time to return the cart wheels and frame to their usual resting place.

He had done an imperfect job of shaving off the bloodstains.

He had erred in not making a new edge on his knife.

In his cremation of Lakey, he had created much black smoke, which he would have avoided had he not burned his victim's rubber boots.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

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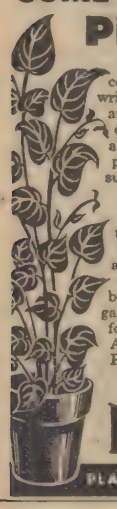

"My house plants have really come to life since using Plantabbs," writes a satisfied user. PLANTABBS are highly concentrated, rich food of proved worth to flower lovers all over the world. They help your plants withstand the ill effects of sunless days and dry furnace heat.

Feed PLANTABBS to your house plants regularly. Clean, white tablets—no odor—will not burn most delicate plants. You'll be amazed at results. Plants will be sturdier, healthier, covered with beautiful blooms. Four tablets to a gallon of water make rich liquid food. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $3.50 sizes. At your dealers or mailed postpaid, PLANTABBS CORPORATION, Baltimore 1, Maryland.

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See the Pattern Feature in This Issue

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Doctor for Dummies

THE "doctor" examined the patient, then leaned back to look at her thoughtfully. "Hmm, hair is in bad condition," the "doctor" said over her shoulder to her assistant. "And I think we'd better take a little off the end of her nose. And look at those lips — they're all pushed in. We'll cut a hole in her head and push them back out again."

The patient did not object, but only stared back glassily. With one quick gesture the "doctor" removed the patient's left arm, then the right, and handed them to her assistant. Then she took off the patient's legs and—lastly—the patient's head.

The Baltimore Woman Has Become an Expert at Repairing and Rejuvenating Those Wax and Plaster Mannequins.

The "doctor" was not a torso murderer committing a grisly deed, but the clever and talented Miss Dorothy S. Lynch, of Baltimore, conducting her business of 18 years standing—that of repairing department store papier-mache mannequins.

AFTER studying painting and illustration at Carnegie Institute in New York, one day Miss Lynch happened to see an artist in a store working on a mannequin and was immediately intrigued by the possibilities of such work. "I figured if I could paint on canvas, I could paint mannequins," she said.

Soon all the Baltimore shops and stores were sending their streamlined glamour girls to her for repair. Even today there are very few in the country who can supply such beauty treatments to mannequins, and Miss Lynch is one of the best.

It is a job that requires imagination and ingenuity, as well as skill, but Miss Lynch and her staff of 14 are well equipped to handle any problem. The normal life of a dummy is only about five years, Miss Lynch says, but even within that time, frequent remodeling is necessary.

Made of papier-mache and plaster with burlap insides, the mannequins sometimes require major surgery. A fall on the face will chip off the most glowing complexion and cause a cave-in—then the back of the head must be opened so that the face can be pushed back into shape.

According to Miss Lynch, the mannequins underwent the most drastic surgery when the new length dresses came in—they had to be cut down from their former average height of five feet, eight inches to five feet, two inches, in order to model the longer skirts to better advantage.

Cutting six inches off a leg might sound like a precarious business, but Miss Lynch solved it neatly by taking it out of the thigh and then giving a sandpaper treatment.

The final step is the painting on of a new complexion, while the horsehair wigs go to the barber shop for the new shorter cut, perhaps a change of color, and a wave-set from professional hair stylists.

BUT one of the toughest parts of the whole job, says Miss Lynch, is returning the mannequins to their owners. They are taken apart and stacked in a jeep, and the car is frequently followed — and reported to the police — when someone happens to look through the windows and catches a glimpse of a headless body or a dangling arm.

"They always suspect the worst," says Miss Lynch, her eyes twinkling.

Embarrassing Moments

SEVERAL years ago I took my four-year-old nephew on a train trip. After we found seats, I stuck the tickets in the little clip placed for that purpose on the seat ahead of us, and began to read a magazine. Suddenly I noticed the youngster chewing vigorously. "What are you chewing?" I demanded, then glanced with horror to where the tickets had been. They were gone! I had a most embarrassing time trying to explain to the conductor that the child had eaten our tickets. **Joan H., Chicago, Ill.**

The American Weekly will pay $2 for each letter published on "Embarrassing Moments." All property in the material submitted shall belong to The American Weekly and no manuscripts can be returned. Address "Embarrassing Moments," The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y.

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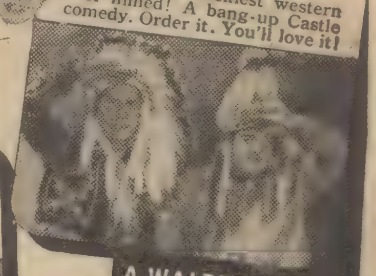

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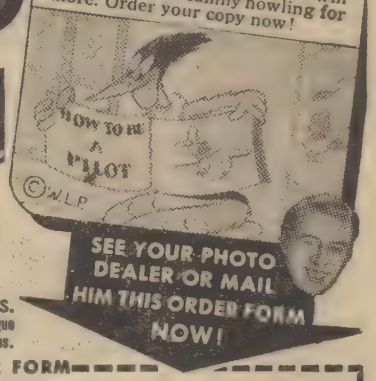
Woody's latest cartoon capers will have the whole family howling for more. Order your copy now!



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Be Sure to Read Sally Young's Beauty Feature in This Issue

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Teen-Age Tempest

Manners Are Important

By URSULA TROW

MOST teeners certainly are not in agreement with ten teen-agers in Oakland, Calif., who consider good manners silly. Among other protests against established social customs, the Oaklanders see "no sense in helping a girl with her coat when she is perfectly healthy and capable of getting into it herself."

Not one of the letters we received from all over the country backed up the arguments of the cynical Californians. For instance, **Gerald Wingert** of Chambersburg, Pa., says, "It's our manners that make people like or dislike us."

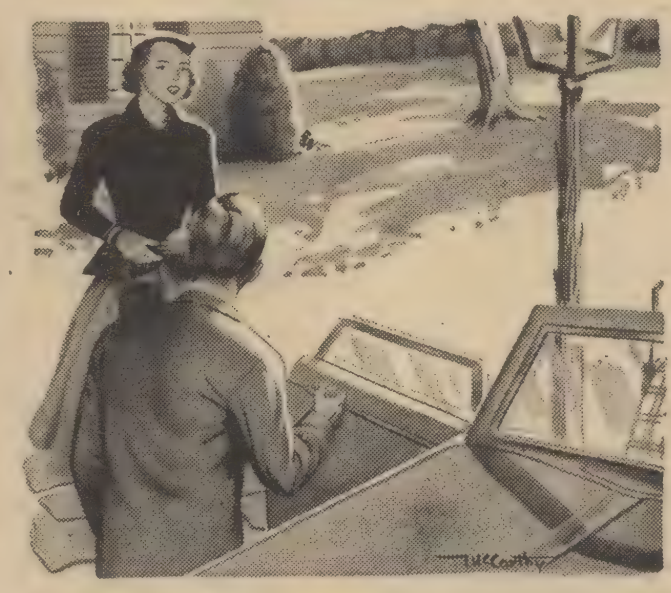
Jack Walling of Oswego, Ore., points out that "there is a line which supposedly cultured people draw between being discourteous and being mindful of the little amenities."

A woman is always prouder of her man if he is polite, **Jean Land** of Tacoma, Wash., **Mrs. George Farmer** of Watsonville, Calif., and **Jule Louise La Due** of Patchogue, N. Y., tell us.

A little thoughtfulness—holding a girl's coat for her, opening the door for her—makes her feel she's something special, not just another girl, writes **Patricia Lucey** of Schenectady, N. Y. **Dolores Yeckley** of Johnstown, Pa., says, "We need more manners instead of less in this troubled world of ours."

Mrs. Irene Taylor of Long Beach, Calif., who has a 15-year-old son, says that, in her opinion, training in manners is paramount if a person is to get along in daily life, because good manners lead to popularity and success.

Walter H. Bouchspies of Laredo, Tex., felt so strongly about the Oaklanders that he wrote us two long letters. In part he says, "Competent men are always polite. Lack of politeness indicates an unhealthy environment and lack of effort to live in peace with others."



Most Teeners Are Smart Enough to Know That Common Courtesy and Good Manners Haven't Gone Out of Date.

"Manners never go out of date," writes **Claire LaCombe**, 17, of Woonsocket, R. I., "This is the 20th century and inventions may have changed many things—but not manners."

"How does a fellow show respect for a girl, if not by his manners?" asks **Carroll Burns** of Gary, Ind.

Catherine Petereit, 16, of N. Hollywood, Calif., challenges her Oakland neighbors to spend a week without saying "Thank you," "You're welcome," or "Pardon me," and then she would like to see a list of the new friends they've made. **Rose Mary Olis**, 16, of Detroit also says, "No manners, no friends."

H. Figueroa, of Los Angeles, declares that she "wouldn't dare go out with a fellow who doesn't have good manners. I'd be afraid he'd embarrass me half to death."

How about some of you teeners who have found out by experience that good manners pay off, and that bad manners don't? Write to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Those Late Snacks

SARA POLLARD of Michigan City, Ind., tells us there's always a big fuss when she and her friends drop in at a restaurant or a diner after a movie date or a dance. "Our parents," she writes, "object because these snacks keep us out too late—but everybody knows that dancing, bowling and skating work up an appetite, and who wants to go to bed hungry?"

Her parents suggest that she leave the party a little early to allow time for a bite to wind up the evening, or that she bring her date home and feed him in the kitchen.

Sara thinks these are impractical ideas because, she writes, "the boys don't want to leave until the last dance, or the last skate, is over; and kitchen snacks can be embarrassing unless you prepare for them."

How do the rest of you feel about the late snack problem? Have some of you solved it? If so, tell us how. Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor.

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WHAT SHALL I DO? TOM'S ANGRY BECAUSE

I BROKE OUR FIRST DATE!

BUT WHY? HE'S CRAZY ABOUT YOU...AND YOU'RE DYING TO GO OUT WITH HIM.
I'M AFRAID HE'LL NOTICE HOW DULL AND DINGY MY TEETH LOOK -AND NEVER INVITE ME AGAIN.
SILLY! WHY NOT ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW TO GET YOUR TEETH SPARKLING CLEAN?
COLGATE TOOTH POWDER, WITH THE 2-MINUTE ROUTINE, GETS TEETH SPARKLING AND SUPER-CLEAN...REMOVES DULL FILM THAT IMPROPER BRUSHING MISSES. TRY IT.
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Gets Teeth Sparkling And Super-Clean

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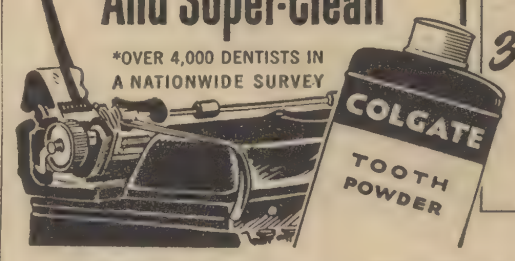

It's Easy to Remove Dull Film—Get Teeth Shining Clean

1 Morning and night, brush teeth for 2-minutes with Colgate Tooth Powder.

2 Brush all 3 surfaces: front, back, biting edges.

3 Always brush away from the gums.

TRY IT TODAY!

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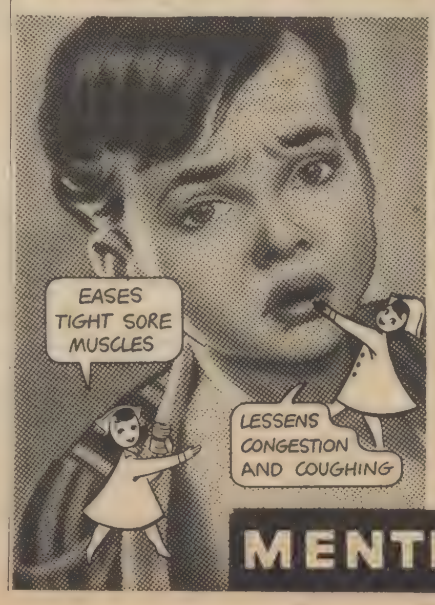

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PEN CLOGGED? PARKER QUINK IS THE INK FOR YOU!
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WONDERFUL YOU AND QUINK SAVED MY LIFE!
THAT QUINK HAS SOLV-X IN IT— CLEANS PENS AS THEY WRITE

Magic *solv-x* in Parker Quink actually cleans pens as they write! Protects against metal corrosion and rubber rot. For smoother, trouble-free writing—switch to Quink. Nine brilliant colors—4 permanent, 5 washable.

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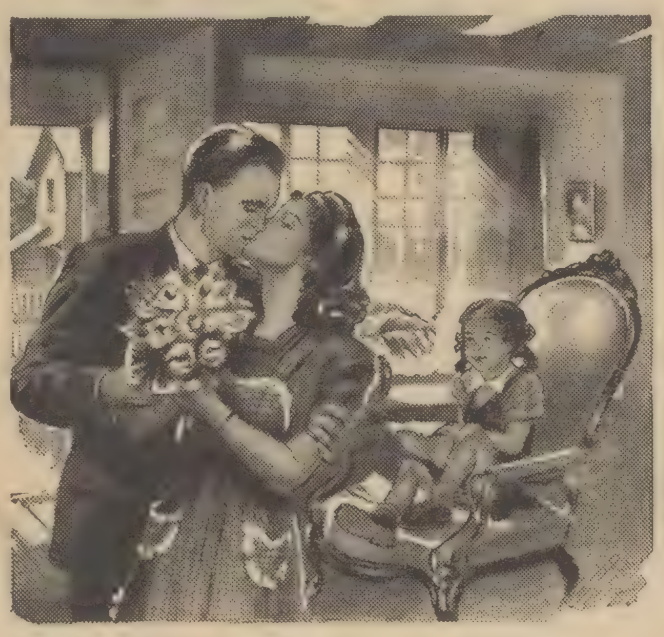
Tests by doctors show that Johnson's BACK PLASTER helps nearly 9 out of 10 sufferers. It's made by Johnson & Johnson — known for fine products for 61 years. At all drug stores.

The Perfect Husband

MRS. MARY CRICK is a very lucky woman — her husband, Eustace, 34-year-old ex-artilleryman, is London's "Perfect Husband." Many husbands like to think that they are perfect, but Mr. Crick has a rasher of bacon to prove that he is.

In the old days he would have collected a whole side of bacon for his perfection, but rationing has reduced it to a rasher. However, as Mr. Crick says, he can still say he brought home the bacon, even if it was only a morsel.



Many People in England Think an Ex-Soldier Named Eustace Crick Is the Best Family Man in the Land.

Mr. and Mrs. Crick participated recently in the annual mock trial at Willesden to find the most happily married couple. In each case brought before the judge, both husband and wife testified, as well as neighbors and relatives.

The Cricks won in a walk when it was proved that the couple had not had one cross word for a year and a day. That, said the judge, when he awarded them the bacon, must have taken some doing.

Testimony revealed not only were the Cricks still ideally happy after nine years of marriage, but that Mr. Crick was a mate of such virtue that the court promptly dubbed him the "Perfect Husband."

Mr. Crick was modestly diffident when some of the male jurors cornered him to find out how he managed it. "A lot of people talk about marriage being a 50-50 proposition, but few of them practice it," he said. "A marriage that is actually 50-50 in deed, thought and word is bound to succeed.

"Why should I have only a five-day week and my wife an 18-hour day, seven days a week? Why should I go off to the cinema or to see friends and leave her to sit home with the kids?" Crick admitted that he had what he calls his "Ten Commandments for a Happy Marriage." He said:

1—"I do not smoke and, except for an occasional beer when we have friends in, don't drink.

2—"I am an expert handyman, able to do all the odd jobs around the house.

3—"I help my wife wash, sew, clean and cook. I'm especially good at making pastry.

4—"I am skillful at leather-working, and my wife and I do a lot of it in our spare time to make extra money.

5—"I hand my wife my pay packet each week and keep no pocket money.

6—"I never go out at night without her. We haven't anyone to leave with the kiddies, so of course that means we stay home, but we're so happy we never miss going out.

7—"Our 50-50 principle extends even to the clothes we wear. She buys mine and I buy hers.

8—"Once a year I buy her a bunch of flowers.

9—"Once a year—on our wedding anniversary—I write her a love letter.

10—"And," Mr. Crick said, having obviously saved the most impressive item for the last, "my wife suffers severely from cold feet. A lot of husbands can't stand that, but on cold nights I massage hers until they're warm as a mutton pie."

Bright Children

MY four-and-a-half-year-old son was writing a letter to Santa Claus just before Christmas last year. Interested in seeing what he desired, I peeked over his shoulder, and was amused to see that he had noted, among others, "too ponies."

"What in the world do you want with two ponies?" I asked. "Isn't one enough?" "Oh," he said, "One is for me and one for Bobbie. He was naughty yesterday, and Santa crossed his name off the list." **Mrs. Harry Goolt, Forest Hills, N. Y.**

The American Weekly will pay $2 for each letter published on "Bright Children." All property in the material submitted shall belong to The American Weekly and no manuscripts can be returned. Address "Bright Children," The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall St. Station, New York 5, N. Y.

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Your big toe can be as tough on socks as a grindstone — but we *guarantee* that you can't put a hole in six pairs of Pocono Dated Hose within 6 months, or we'll replace them FREE! That's not just a promise — it's a *written guarantee* included in every box of Pocono Hose! NYLON reinforced heels and toes for 75% longer wear! Handsome 6x1 fully mercerized durene ribbed knit in anklet style or regular lengths with sturdy long wearing elastic tops. They're knit proportionately in half sizes, 9½-13, for smoother fit. Wide selection of smart, soft Pastel colors, deep Solid shades or White. Any assortment, in boxes of six only.

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STYLE:

☐ Anklet ☐ Regular Length

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"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓ Halo—contains no soap or sticky oils—*nothing* to dull your hair's natural lustre. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo reveals shimmering highlights with your very first shampoo! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly in any kind of water—needs no after-rinse. For hair that's soft, lustrous, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.

✓ *Not a soap, Not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!*

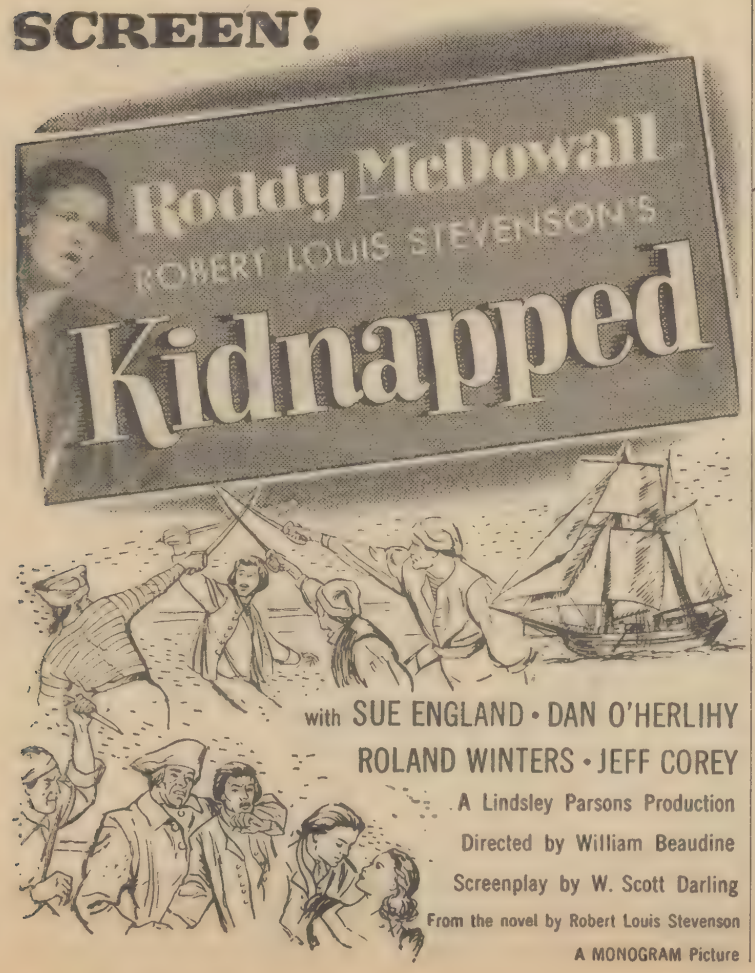
✓ *Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

✓ *Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!*

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

THE ADVENTURE CLASSIC OF THE CENTURY THUNDERS TO LIFE ON THE SCREEN!


Roddy McDowall
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S
Kidnapped
with SUE ENGLAND • DAN O'HERLIHY
ROLAND WINTERS • JEFF COREY
A Lindsley Parsons Production
Directed by William Beaudine
Screenplay by W. Scott Darling
From the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson
A MONOGRAM Picture

One-Armed Fiddler

LUTHER CALDWELL played a violin solo in his home in Columbia, Mo., the other day. He played "Lazy River" and the tears raced down his cheeks.

"It seems like my arm's been born again," he said, his face still reflecting the wonder of a man who had refused to give up even when all the odds were against him.

He smiled down at the strange contraption at

The Gadget, Worked by a Pedal, Bows the Violin for the Crippled Musician.

which he was seated—it had three legs and a bass drum pedal in the middle. A long aluminum tube held the violin bow, which was pulled back and forth by a spring attached to the pedal. For Caldwell could not hold the bow—he has only one arm. His right one was amputated after a tree fell on him.

Caldwell first started playing the violin when he was five years old. Nine years ago, after the accident, he opened his eyes and looked up at the physician bending over him. "Save my arm, Doc. I'm a fiddler," he pleaded.

The doctors gave him only 15 minutes to live, but they took the only possible chance they had, which was amputation. And with the same dogged determination that characterized everything he did, Caldwell pulled through.

A FARMER and a mail-room employe at the University of Missouri, Caldwell refused to be parted from his beloved violin, even with only one arm. His son, Bobby Joe, a high school student, learned to wield the bow for him while he fingered the strings — which made a duet out of what should have been a solo.

The foot-power bow was presented to Caldwell just a few weeks ago by his close friend, Sam W. Burnett, electrician at the University of Missouri. Now Caldwell and Bobby Joe can play real duets, with Bobby accompanying his father on his guitar. Burnett may not regard his mechanical bow as perfect, but to Caldwell it is the most wonderful gift in the world.

STOP— *loosening your skin!*

MAKE THIS TEST!

You will be shocked to find out how loose *your* skin really is!

DO THIS! Sit before your mirror. Do exactly as the girl is doing in the picture above. If folds of skin roll up under your eyes, you have loose skin! This loose skin may easily wrinkle too soon causing you to look much older than you really are!

Millions are actually loosening delicate skin tissues around their eyes in the very act of creaming their skins.

But this old way of skin care is rapidly being discarded. Well informed women are adopting modern skin care that ends destructive rubbing.

My Lady Esther 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting.** No more need for rubbing at all. Think what this means!

When you use my cream that requires no rubbing, you are **not** loosening your skin—you are **not** deepening fine lines! In short, you stop helping your skin to grow loose and older looking. You help to preserve the tone, elasticity and smoothness your skin naturally possesses.

Clearer Skin, Too, The First Day

What's more, I can promise you a clearer skin the first day you stop rubbing dirt-laden cream back into tiny skin crevices and into pore mouths.

Here's why. The cleansing ingredient in Lady Esther 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting**—it has the power to surround each tiny particle of stale make-up and grime and *separate* it from the skin. It literally lifts dirt away from your skin! No destructive rubbing is necessary—just smooth it on and tissue it off!

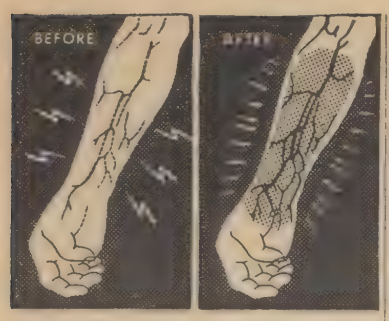
What to Expect

Your first trial will convince you that my 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting** (no more rubbing) and that it makes your skin far cleaner than before, without rubbing.

So get any size jar—even the smallest size is ample to prove that you don't have to rub your skin any more to clean it.

And remember, this one cream does 4 things for your skin. Besides self-acting cleansing—it smooths!—it aids the natural pore-refining process!—and it makes a perfect powder base!

Lady Esther



Infra-Red Photos Explain Why

SLOAN'S HELPS RELIEVE ARTHRITIS PAINS

Scientific infra-red ray photos of the blood vessels below the skin-surface prove that after the application of Sloan's, the veins expand . . . evidence that the treated area gets extra supplies of vitalizing blood that also washes away waste matter and poisons.

Scientists further proved that this beneficial action prevails deep below the surface. *There it lasts for hours . . . right where the pain is.* To treat aches of arthritis and rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff-neck, sore muscles, you should include the use of Sloan's.

Always see your doctor about arthritis. Meanwhile, to help relieve pains, use Sloan's *regularly morning and night.*

SLOAN'S LINIMENT or BALM

Drawings above made by physician, based on infra-red photos

DANDRUFF

Be Sure Your Hair Tonic Actually KILLS DANDRUFF GERMS*

Many hair tonics merely *remove* loose dandruff—*don't* kill the germ *pityrosporum ovale** many authorities point out as a cause of infectious dandruff! So change to Lucky Tiger—get at that cause. Besides killing this germ *on contact*, Lucky Tiger removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp, gives hair added lustre, makes it easier to comb. Also keeps hair in place far longer—without that greasy look. Get Lucky Tiger Regular—or Lucky Tiger with Oil, if hair is extra dry.

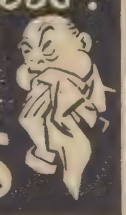
LUCKY TIGER

Doris Denison

You can learn about color schemes, room arrangement—many other interior treatments from Doris Denison every week in

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Like good food? Don't appear rude Always carry TUMS



The more delicious the food, the more you may need Tums—to relieve acid indigestion, gas and heartburn *almost instantly.* No baking soda (bicarbonate) in Tums. No risk of overalkalizing—no acid rebound! No mixing or stirring with Tums, either—take them like candy mints—feel better fast! Try Tums!

TUMS 10c

FOR THE TUMMY 3 rolls, 25c

QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Riches in Seaweed

FUN, not a fortune, was the goal of John Toba, a London surveyor, as he romped by the seashore five years ago with his young son, Larry.

While playing, Toba lost his handkerchief at the edge of the water among a mass of wet seaweed—and the accident now has proved to be the most profitable game of drop-the-handkerchief on record.

For Toba found his handkerchief before leaving the beach. When he got home it was still damp, so he spread it on the kitchen table.

The Man Picked Up His Handkerchief—and an Idea Worth a Fortune.

Next morning Mrs. Toba found it wrinkled and stiff. When she finished ironing it both admired the high polish on the cloth.

"Say, the seaweed acted just like starch!" Toba suddenly exclaimed.

With that discovery, he started five years of experimenting in a backroom laboratory. He tested more than 500 varieties of seaweed. And his years of work now have resulted in a new "seaweed starch" which not only will be used in laundering, but in foodstuffs, such as cocoa, custard powder and candies. It may also be useful industrially.

Toba thus joins a distinguished company of inventors who achieved fame by "accident."

AMERICA'S Charles Goodyear discovered how to vulcanize rubber in 1829 when, after long and fruitless research, he accidentally dropped a piece of sulphur-cured India rubber on a hot stove in Woburn, Mass.

In that same year, Louis Daguerre, a French painter, was experimenting with photography when he accidentally shut up in a cupboard an exposed plate which he thought he had spoiled. Later he was amazed to find a clear picture on the metallic surface. His success was traced to vapor from an open bottle of mercury.

From that came the daguerrotype—or tintype—and, our whole modern horde of shutterbugs.

Eldon Beerbower lost his hair at the age of 12. At 15, still completely bald, he began to use Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Above, Eldon after eight weeks use.

"The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime!" Eldon felt that he was doomed to a lifetime of hopeless baldness. Above, Eldon getting hair cut for the first time since he became totally bald.

"I WAS BALD —NOW I HAVE NORMAL HAIR!"

. . . says Eldon Beerbower, age 17, 2905 No. Portland Blvd., Portland, Ore. If you are faced with the problems of baldness, falling hair, dandruff scale or itching scalp, NOW IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

Left, Carl Brandenfels before using his home course. Right, Carl as he looks today.

In 1929 Carl Brandenfels began to search for the causes of baldness. In 1945 he developed two formulas and a unique pressure massage. Almost overnight Carl Brandenfels became world-famous. Today, by certified count, Carl has in his files 11,236 letters from men and women who report the following results after using BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE:

- RENEWED HAIR GROWTH
- NO EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
- RELIEF FROM DANDRUFF SCALE
- IMPROVED SCALP CONDITIONS

HAVE YOU TRIED TO PROTECT YOUR HAIR?

Carl Brandenfels believes that in many bald or partially bald people, the hair follicles are alive even though no hair is growing from them. Carl's home course is designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp and to increase the blood supply to the scalp area.

APPLIED AT HOME

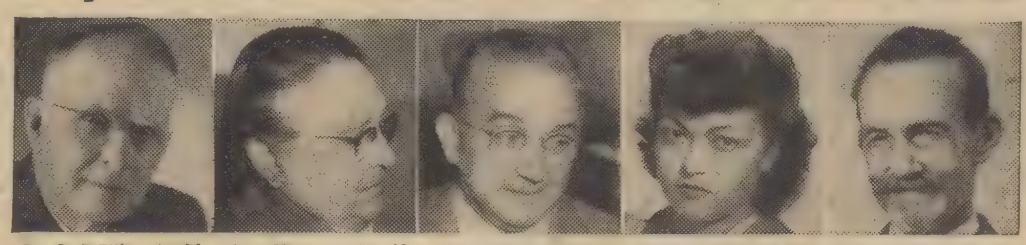
Complete directions are sent with each set of BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE. A five-week home course costs $15 plus $3 Fed. Tax. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to grow hair for all users, because he knows not everyone gets results. He does not classify himself with the so-called "hair-growers."

TESTED BY ACTUAL USE

BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE have been tested in actual use for more than three years and by many thousands of men and women—of all ages, with varying conditions of baldness, and from every walk of life.

Carl believes that in many cases proper use of his two secret-formula applications together with his unique pressure massage will bring about a condition WHICH WILL HELP NATURE ALLOW HAIR TO GROW.

11,236 TESTIMONIALS



Rev. L. C. Elliott, Age 70, 2033 S.E. 51st Ave., Portland, Oregon

Amy Clevenger, Age 62, Central Point, Ore.

O. K. Nulton, Age 65, Olympia, Wash.

Marjorie King, Age 23, 3837 N. Bataan, Apt. 8, Portland, Oregon

L. H. Coolidge, Age 71, 5023 Prince St., Seattle, Wash.

DO A FRIEND A FAVOR . . .

Cut out this page and send this story to a friend who needs it.

These statements are just a few of the 11,236 letters of praise in Carl's files: Rev. Elliott: "I bought on advice of my barber and I GOT RESULTS." Amy Clevenger: "I was completely bald for two years. Now I have ALMOST ALL MY HAIR BACK." O. K. Nulton: "My hair was falling out by handfuls. Now my head is ALMOST COMPLETELY COVERED WITH HAIR." Marjorie King: "Two years ago I WAS COMPLETELY BALD." L. H. Coolidge: "Hair is filling in, scalp condition much improved."

If you are still skeptical, contact any of the above people direct.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

Carl Brandenfels

Brandenfels'

SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

THE ONLY APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE OF THEIR KIND IN AMERICA MANUFACTURED ONLY BY CARL BRANDENFELS, ST. HELENS, OREGON

SEND THIS ORDER TODAY

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of **Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage** with directions for use in my own home.

☐ Cash—I enclose $15. plus 20% Fed. Tax ($3.), total $18. (Cash orders shipped postpaid)

☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman $18. plus postal charges.

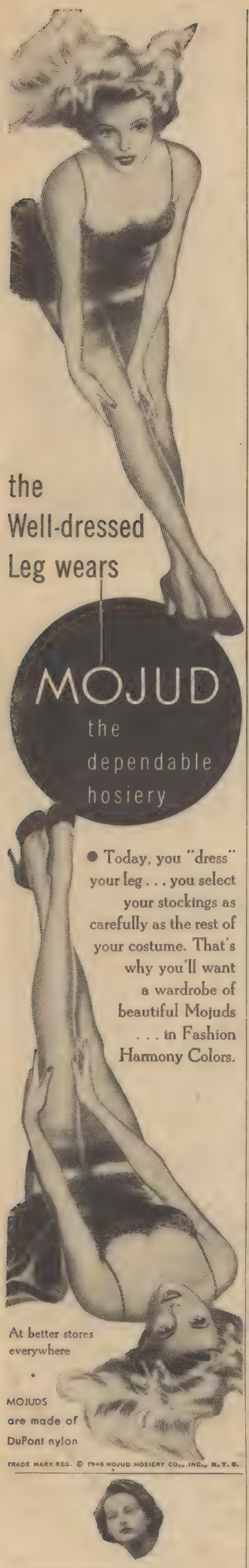
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Prepaid orders will be shipped at once. C.O.D. orders will be filled as rapidly as formulas are available. AW 1114



the Well-dressed Leg wears

MOJUD

the dependable hosiery

● Today, you "dress" your leg . . . you select your stockings as carefully as the rest of your costume. That's why you'll want a wardrobe of beautiful Mojuds . . . in Fashion Harmony Colors.

At better stores everywhere

MOJUDS are made of DuPont nylon

TRADE MARK REG. © 1948 MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC., N.Y.C.

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

When used as needed by Blonde or Brunette will help keep your skin as pretty as your skin can be. For nearly 40 years **Mercolized Wax Cream** has been sold all over the world and each year the sales increase. This proves that those who use **Mercolized Wax Cream** are satisfied. Try it and be convinced. Use only as directed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

Campus Antics

IT GAVE James Irving Peterson, an ex-GI student of Montana State College, a good laugh when fraternity officers solemnly assigned him a stunt as part of his initiation into the Clowns, an honorary fraternity.

Peterson and several other candidates were ordered to sneak into the heating plant and sound the campus whistle.

Peterson grinned because "Mission Whistle" was pretty juvenile shenanigans for a man of 26, with a wife and child, who had made 36 combat flights in Europe.

The stunt that sounded like child's play turned out to be the most tragic undertaking of his life. The heating plant engineer caught the group trying to break in, a clash followed, and Peterson—survivor of all the Nazis could toss at him—was shot dead.

Although some fraternities and sororities never went in for hazing, and many others have cut out rowdy stunts, this wasn't the first time that death rang down the curtain on a fraternity initiation.

EVEN one of the most innocent of campus ceremonies brought an untimely death, in 1946, to Georgia Stevens, an 18-year-old University of Texas co-ed. She and other neophytes were marching down a hallway for admission to a sorority. Flickering tapers lighted their way. Accidentally, the flimsy fabric in Georgia's dress caught fire and she was so badly burned she lived only two days.

A time-honored ritual of St. Louis University's chapter of a medical fraternity went wrong in 1945 while Robert Perry, 20, of Harrisburg, Ill., was being initiated. Several parts of his body were daubed with lampblack and collodion. With Perry lying on a table, he was given a mild electric shock.

Somewhere a wire short-circuited. A spark ignited ether fumes from the collodion bottle. In a split second Perry was in flames and he died the next day.

Critics also have blasted at many other types of initiations. In San Diego, Calif., parents and educators were shocked the other day to learn that high school girls, to get into one reputedly exclusive society, had to stand for a three-hour stretch before the Naval Training Station and kiss every sailor who entered or left.

Fraternity seems to bring happiness to many, if all goes well. But thoughtful observers would like to see it achieved with more humanity, more regard for human dignity—and more safety.

The College Prank Had a Tragic Ending When One of the Boys Was Shot Dead Trying to Break Into the Power Plant.

Add a "Champion" to Your Family Circle

MOM and DAD and SIS and SONNY All agree: THE CHAMP'S A HONEY!

The Underwood Champion Portable Typewriter is built for all-'round use . . . in *school*, in *business*, at *home!* See your nearest Authorized Underwood Portable Typewriter Dealer . . . or write for free booklet to Underwood Corporation, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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UNDERWOOD Champion PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

. . . made by the Typewriter Leader of the World

What an Acorn needs is Management

If the wind manages to drop the tiny acorn in the right spot . . . and rain and sun and Mother Earth manage to nourish it properly . . . you get a mighty oak. If the finest brewer's grains Nature produces manage to get together with the costliest of domestic and imported hops . . . and they in turn manage to have the guidance of priceless brewing skill and the best in facilities . . . you get a mighty fine beer. If you want a mighty fine beer with a distinctive bouquet and taste, you ask for BUDWEISER.

MAKE THIS TEST! DRINK Budweiser FOR FIVE DAYS

★

On the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer

You'll want the distinctive taste of Budweiser thereafter

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

Only Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TASTES LIKE BUDWEISER

HEAR HELEN HAYES TONIGHT AT 9 EST

Helen Hayes returns to Radio in the Electric Theatre

Great Plays . . . Every Sunday Evening . . . CBS Coast-to-Coast

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH HELEN HAYES

"I'm thrilled to be the new Electric Theatre's leading lady," Miss Hayes declared when interviewed after her recent stage triumph in London. "It will give me an ideal opportunity to play stage and screen roles that the public likes best. And I'm delighted to have the Electric Light and Power Companies as my sponsors. I'll be working for all those men and women who bring us electricity no matter what—and for all the people who own the companies. Imagine having *millions* of bosses!

"What are my favorite roles? Well, here are photographs of three of them . . ."

Can you identify these famous roles played by Helen Hayes?

(Read the clues supplied by Miss Hayes before checking your answers. Correct answers are upside-down at bottom of page.)

____Charlotte Bronte ____Viola ____Mrs. Miniver

"When this heroine lived, women had almost no rights—not even the right to act on the stage. They were little more than kitchen drudges." How different things are now! With work-saving electric service at her finger-tips, the modern woman has time to lead a far happier, fuller life.

____Lady Macbeth ____Rebecca ____Queen Victoria

"Although she ruled a great empire, she knew few of the conveniences the average woman enjoys today." Thanks to dependable, low-cost electric service, the modern American housewife enjoys, in many ways, a much more queenly life than most of history's queens.

____Maggie ____Anna Christie ____Juliet

"She won her husband from the 'other woman,' in the play, *'What Every Woman Knows'*." In her day, few people used much electricity, or suspected that it would become just about the most useful service, and one of the biggest bargains, in nearly every American home.

America's **business-*managed, tax-paying***

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

**Answers:* *Viola* in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," *Queen Victoria* in "Victoria Regina," *Maggie* in "What Every Woman Knows."

*Names of companies on request from this magazine

When baby's sobs mean

"Childhood Constipation"

. . . give **Fletcher's Castoria!**

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

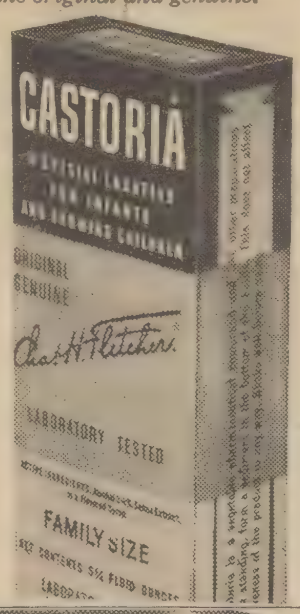
WHEN your baby is tearful and fussy . . . when she sobs because of "Childhood Constipation". . . it's wise to know what to do. Give her Fletcher's Castoria.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drugstore today. Be sure you see the green band and the Charles H. Fletcher signature on the package—then you will know that what you are getting is the original and genuine.*



Chas. H. Fletcher

The original and genuine

CASTORIA

Letters to the Editor

CONGRATULATIONS on your spendid article by Irmis Johnson, titled "You Can't Mark Your Baby," and here's hoping you print many more such articles. Too many old-timers live by such silly superstitions as those mentioned in your story, and they make expectant mothers miserable and unhappy.

I sincerely believe such fine doctors as Dr. Kosmak when they say that there is no logic in these superstitions. But no matter how much you try to tell these "old wives," they will continue to believe these myths till the day they die, and continue to make young mothers miserable.

My only hope is that, through such fine articles as yours, the coming generations will be forewarned and will disregard these superstitions. I hope that in the future people will try to use a little more logic, and put a little more trust in God. **Mrs. Mary Jane Finan, New York, N. Y.**

* * *

Regarding your article, "You Can't Mark Your Baby," I cannot agree. Just before my brother was born on our farm, in 1870, my mother was picking blackberries. A large snake crawled near her, and in her fright, she put her right hand to her right ear and moved it down across her face to her neck. When my brother was born, he carried the imprint of a snake on his face. . .

Again, before my sister was born, my mother craved grapes. As she thought of them, she pinched her throat. My sister is now 76—I am 80—and now, as always, she carries a small bunch of grapes on her throat.

A young man near here has both wrists crooked, like a dachshund's front legs. His mother was frightened by a dachshund. **H. L. Clark, Salem, Ore.**

* * *

I've just read "You Can't Mark Your Baby," and must say it is not true. I suppose you will say I'm an "old wife," but I'm not. I'm only 60. But I have seen and known over a dozen children who were marked by their expectant mothers. One man was a cripple. He was marked because his father came home drunk.

Another woman was scared on Hallowe'en night. When her baby girl was born, it had a head and face just like the mask that frightened the mother. I knew this woman since childhood, and can vouch for the truth of the story. Another mother was scared by a turtle while fishing with her husband. Their daughter has eyes that move just like a turtle's.

So will you please tell Dr. Kosmak to come to Marion, and he will change his mind. **Mrs. H. L. Murch, Marion, Ind.**

* * *

Since you have written an article in The American Weekly saying that a mother cannot mark her baby, I thought I'd write and tell you about a birthmark which I have.

Before I was born, my family lived in a small town in Nebraska. A house burned down, and my mother saw my father through the flames. She thought he was being burned, put her hand to her chest, and fell in a dead faint. I have the print of her hand on my right chest, the thumb on the lower part of my neck, and little finger on top of my breast. The mark of the palm is red, like fire.

When I was young and watched a fire, the mark would turn dark, like smoke, and I would feel faint. This affected my nerves. When I was 10 or 12, I would go into a dark room and cover my eyes. I really suffered.

Today I am a healthy woman of 74, young for my years, but I still feel that way when I watch a fire, so you can't tell me there isn't something strange about it. **Mrs. Myrtle Travers, Los Angeles, Calif.**

* * *

(The American Weekly article, "You Can't Mark Your Baby," told how medical experts, including Dr. George W. Kosmak, Editor of the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, were convinced that such marks as those described in the above letters are "purely accidental." The experts explained that there is no nervous connection between the mother and the developing infant, and that no one ever has been able to prove a single authentic case of a defect caused by a maternal impression.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Mack Sennett's Glamour Girls

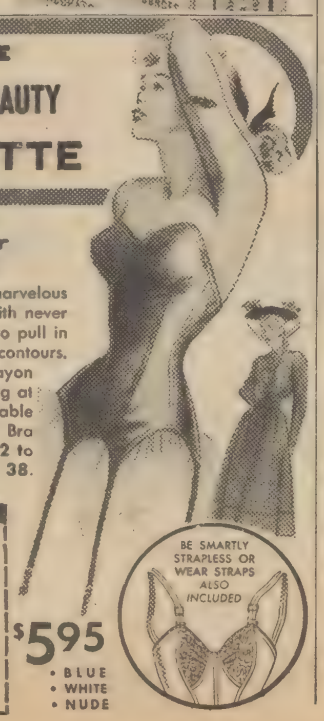
THEY had beauty, charm and an unquenchable sense of humor. They set the standards in looks, manners and fashions for a whole generation. They were the Mack Sennett Girls of early Hollywood.

Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, Carole Lombard, Bebe Daniels, Marie Prevost, Olive Borden, Sally Rand, Virginia Fox and many others were in a class by themselves—on or off the screen.

For the sometimes gay, sometimes tragic stories of their careers, don't miss "Mack Sennett's Glamour Girls," by Adela Rogers St. Johns, beginning in next week's magazine.

AFTER four unsuccessful trips to the altar, Millionaire Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., can still say, "I think marriage is the only way to a full life. I have faith in it." In an article in next week's issue, Mr. Vanderbilt frankly discusses why he thinks his previous four marriages have failed and why he thinks his fifth and latest will be different.

YOU CAN HAVE
DARING *Newest Look* BEAUTY
WITH ALL-IN-ONE TRIOLETTE



It's All These 1-uplift bra 2-waist nipper 3-garter belt

Look feminine, curvaceous — instantly — with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It rounds you enticingly in right places with never a bulge in wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! In luxury rayon satin—revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. A cup, 32 to 36. B cup, (larger) 32 to 38. Blue, white or nude.

Have Tiny Waist -Full Bosom FIGURE

$5.95
• BLUE
• WHITE
• NUDE

SEND ON 10-DAY APPROVAL
WILCO FASHIONS, Dept. 632-N, 45 E. 17th St., N. Y. C. 3
Rush your new TRIOLETTE for $5.95. CUP_____ SIZE_____
☐ Send C. O. D. I will pay postage plus handling.
☐ I enclose $5.95. You pay postage plus handling.
1st Color Choice | 2nd Color Choice
Name_____
Address_____
City, Zone, State_____
If not delighted I can return in 10 days for purchase price refund.

To Speed Recovery
AFTER ILLNESS

Try this "Building" food!

TO hasten recovery after illness, many doctors advise drinking Ovaltine for two reasons:

First, Ovaltine is one of the richest food sources of vitamins and minerals. Each cup, made with milk, provides valuable amounts of minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron, and vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G and Niacin. These vitamins and minerals, so important to speedy recovery, are often deficient in convalescent diets.

Second, Ovaltine supplies basic food substances—complete proteins to repair body and nerve cells—high-energy foods for vigorous health. Ovaltine is specially processed for easy digestion, so it usually "stays down" when nothing else seems to agree.

Recommended the world over to build up convalescents. So if someone in your family needs building up, try giving Ovaltine for a while.

OVALTINE

VARY HIS "VITTLES" THE THRIFTY WAY!

This *unique* food mixes so well with table scraps or soup, your dog's menu can be as *varied* as your own! And Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits are *economical* since *you* add the liquid to this meaty, *concentrated* nourishment! Rich in vitamins and minerals, they're *appetizing*, too. Feed Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits daily!

Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits contain nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D and E, meat meal, fish liver oil, whole wheat flour, minerals, milk.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Read Sally Young in This Issue

BOYS! GIRLS!
for externally caused
BAD COMPLEXION

Cleanse daily with Cuticura Soap, then apply Cuticura Ointment. Results often surprising! FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-242, Malden 48, Mass.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

YOU CAN BE **SURE**..IF IT'S

Westinghouse

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The New "Wash" Word is Laundromat! Here's why:

The Laundromat is Completely Automatic . . . Fills itself with water, washes, triple-rinses, damp-dries, cleans itself and shuts off . . . *all automatically*. Water never touches your hands.

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EXCLUSIVE

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WATER $AVER

. . . actually saves up to 10 gallons of water per load

Measures water to the size of the load . . . *automatically!* All you do is set the dial. Saves precious hot water, soap.

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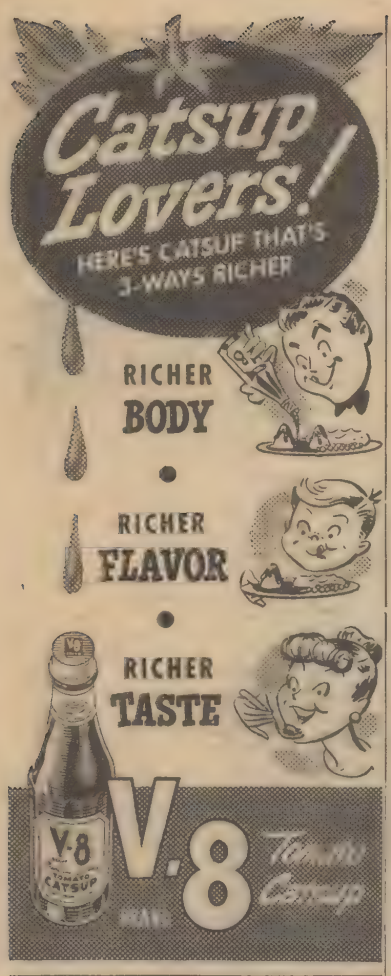

Molasses cookies are more delicious when made with Grandma's Old Fashioned Molasses because *this* molasses is mellow-sweet—never bitter. Grandma's is so sugar-rich it's free of all preservatives . . . *the only nationally sold brand that does not contain sulphur dioxide!*

GRANDMA'S OLD FASHIONED MOLASSES

FOR EXTRA RICH BROWN DELICIOUS

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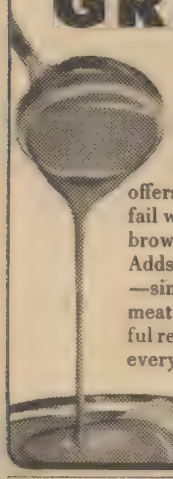

USE KITCHEN Bouquet

Kitchen Bouquet offers the easy, never-fail way to get *extra* rich, brown, delicious gravy! Adds no artificial flavor —simply steps up true meat taste. Helpful recipes with every bottle.

ASK YOUR STATIONER ABOUT THE *Magic* OF GREGORY

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LIKE MAGIC THE *Automatic* INK SUPPLY FEEDS THE PEN THAT FILLS ITSELF

GREGORY FOUNT-O-INK COMPANY
LOS ANGELES 41, CALIFORNIA

Household Almanac

Amy Alden

Tender, Fluffy, Melt-in-Your-Mouth Dumplings.

THE very word dumpling has a mouth-watering effect. When tender and light, as these recipes make them, they add new interest to many a meal. They're the perfect accompaniment for stews. In combination with meat or vegetables, as the beef liver dumplings, they're a hearty main dish. You'll smack your lips, too, over crisp brown dumplings served with a favorite jam, as a luncheon or supper dessert.

Bread Crumb Dumplings for Beef Stew

3 eggs
1 cup fine bread crumbs
2 tbsps. softened butter or fortified margarine
1 tsp. salt

Beat eggs into bread crumbs, beating well after each addition. Add softened butter, salt, and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls into 3 cups of boiling broth. Cook for 6 min. Have ready 1 egg yolk, mixed with 2 tbsps. flour, and a little water. Add this to broth, stirring in gradually. Surround meat with dumplings. Garnish with carrots and parsley. Serve.

Beef Liver Dumplings

½ lb. beef liver, scraped
1 egg
½ tsp. salt
Flour to make thick paste—½ to 1 cup

Mix all ingredients well and drop from tip of teaspoon into 3 cups beef broth that has been brought to brisk boil. Cook 10 min. Serve with a little broth poured over them.

Veal Paprika and Dumplings

2 lbs. veal cut in 2" pieces
1 cup chopped onion
¼ cup shortening
¾ tsp. paprika
2 tsps. sugar
2 cups broth
1 tbsp. flour
½ cup sour cream

Melt shortening in skillet, brown onions, stir in paprika and sugar. Add veal, cook slowly for 5 min. Add broth, simmer gently for 1¼ hrs. Mix flour with sour cream and stir into and through veal, heat, but do not boil. Make dumplings as follows:

1 egg, beaten
⅔ cup milk
½ tsp. salt
3 tsps. baking powder
1½ cups sifted flour

Mix and drop over veal by spoonfuls. Then cook for 20 min. covered. Remove with slotted spoon to warm platter. Place in center of veal mixture. Serve.

Southern Slick Dumplings With Stewed Chicken

Wash and singe a 4 to 5 lb. fowl. Place in deep kettle, cover with boiling water. Add 1 tbsp. salt, 6 peppercorns, 4 whole allspice, 1 sliced peeled onion, 1 stalk celery, and 1 pared medium carrot. Cover; simmer until very tender—about 4 hours. Remove chicken from stock, cool and remove meat from bones. Strain stock; skim off fat. Combine ½ cup chicken broth and ½ cup chicken fat. Beat in 1 large egg and ½ tsp. salt. To this add just enough sifted flour to make a soft dough. Turn onto lightly floured pastry cloth. Work in just enough of the flour so dough can be rolled out ¼" thick. Cut into 2" squares. To the remaining chicken broth add enough water to dumplings one at a time. Cover well; let boil until it makes 3 qts. Add the coarsely diced chicken meat to this broth. Bring to boil, and drop in the dumplings one at a time. Cover well; let boil until tender. The secret of these dumplings is to have the broth rich and use as little flour as needed to shape the dumplings.

Dress Up Your Dinner With Dumplings

Spinach Dumplings

2 cups cooked spinach
1 tsp. salt
Dash pepper
2 tsps. grated onion
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
2 eggs
½ cup sifted flour
½ tsp. baking powder
1½ cup bread crumbs

Combine spinach, salt, pepper, onion, and butter. Beat eggs slightly, and add to spinach mixture. Blend well. Sift flour and baking powder and mix with bread crumbs. Add dry ingredients to spinach mixture and stir lightly. Drop by tablespoonfuls into steamer or onto rack over hot water, cover and let steam 10 min.

Plum Dumplings

2 cups milk
2 cups water
½ tsp. salt
¾ cup farina
2 eggs
1 tbsp. salt
½ tsp. baking powder
3½ cups flour
Sweet plums, poppy seed and sugar

Bring first 3 ingredients to a boil in a saucepan, add farina and cook until just thickened. Cool, then add eggs and flour that has been sifted with salt and baking powder. Mix well. Turn onto generously floured board and pat into ¼" thickness, cut into 4" squares. In each square place a plum and roll dough around it forming a dumpling. Place in boiling water and cook 15 min., stirring once to prevent sticking. Serve hot sprinkled with sugar and ground poppy seed mixed, and melted butter spooned over all.

Crisp Brown Dumplings

2 pared medium potatoes
2 cups water
1 pkg. dry or compressed yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
6 cups sifted flour
2 tbsps. granulated sugar
2 tbsps. salt

Boil potatoes until tender, put through ricer. There should be 2 cups of potato pulp and liquid combined. Dissolve yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Cool potato mixture and add yeast and other ingredients. Mix well. Cover and let stand in warm place (80°-85° F.) until light. Knead down and let rise again. Then form into round buns 2" in diameter. Let stand on floured board, covered, to rise again for 30 min. in a warm place. In the meantime place in a heavy skillet with a tight cover ¼ lb. butter or fortified margarine, 2 cups water. Bring to a boil, drop the raised dumplings gently into this—it should reach half way up sides of dumplings. Cover tightly and cook for 20 min. or until a crackling sound is heard, indicating that the bottom of the dumplings are beginning to brown, take skillet off the fire and let pan cool. Do not uncover at any time during cooking or until cool. They should be crisp and brown with a glazed, shiny, fluffy surface. Serve with jam or cooked dried fruit.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Enclose a three-cent stamp for EACH chart desired plus a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS to Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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- ☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
- ☐ (105) Continental Recipes—A
- ☐ (106) Continental Recipes—B
- ☐ (107) Continental Recipes—C
- ☐ (108) Continental Recipes—D
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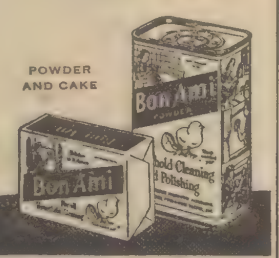
"hasn't scratched yet!"



The Epicure

BOOVA SHENKEL

By MILDRED JORDAN

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH cooking was very strange when I first moved to Pennsylvania about 20 years ago. But I was extremely curious about this regional cooking of which I heard so much and my new neighbors and friends were very glad to share their favorite dishes and many recipes.

Since then I've made many a gastronomical discovery about some mouth-watering dish that is still pretty much limited to our corner of the culinary world. But Pennsylvania Dutch cooking is really too good to be confined to so few and I'm very glad to pass this recipe on to others, who also enjoy good food.

Mildred Jordan, Author of "Asylum for the Queen" and Other Historical Romances, Is the Mother of Four Children. She Plays the Piano and the Harp, Enjoys Outdoor Sports, and Traveling.

- 3 lbs. beef
- 2½ cups flour
- 2 tsps. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt, pepper
- 1 tbsp. lard
- 1 tbsp. butter or margarine
- ½ cup milk
- 10 medium potatoes, peeled, sliced thin
- 2 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 2 tbsps. minced parsley
- 1 medium chopped onion
- 3 eggs

Season beef with salt and pepper and place in saucepan with enough boiling water to just cover. Simmer meat for three hours or until tender.

Make dough, sifting flour with baking powder and salt, work in lard and butter and mix with milk. Roll into 12 circles 10" wide. Steam potatoes until just tender. Add salt and pepper, 2 tbsps. butter, parsley, and onion, and the eggs, beaten. Mix lightly. Place this mixture on circles of dough, let stand a little, then roll over and press pastry edges firmly together. Skim fat from meat liquor and drop pastries gently into saucepan with meat. Cover and let cook slowly for 30 min. Make a gravy with the skimmed fat, a tablespoon of butter, ½ cup of milk, and browned buttered bread crumbs.

"An ideal food for growing youngsters"*

says a LEADING PEDIATRICIAN

*From a letter in our files

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SAVE with All-fabric TINTEX

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Beautifully Dyes EVERY FABRIC
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3101—Add a crispy touch to your furniture... a scalloped, lacy pineapple design chair-set. Pattern has crochet directions.

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Price of each pattern TWENTY CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Dept., Box 206, Station F, Brooklyn 26, New York.

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Blondes, Brunettes, Brownettes! Special Marchand Rinse shades for *you*, too! Marchand Rinse does so much *more* than lemon or vinegar. It removes lustre-dimming soap film, rinses highlights *and* color into your hair and leaves it softer . . . easier to manage!

- **Safe, easy to use at home**
- **Not a bleach, not a permanent dye**
- **Color washes out readily**

To make your hair *blonder*, use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

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Compare Tampax with the usual method of women's monthly hygiene. Be fair to both! See which wins!

What makes so many women adopt Tampax almost as soon as they learn about it? Are they the ones with really independent minds? Tampax discards belts, pins and external pads for monthly sanitary protection. Just think what this can mean when the difficult days arrive. ... Tampax was designed by a doctor to be worn internally. Made of compressed surgical cotton, Tampax comes in applicators for easy insertion. When in place, *you do not feel it.* There can be no bulging, twisting or chafing. Edge-lines cannot appear. No sanitary deodorant needed because odor cannot form. Changing quick. Disposal no trouble.... How can Tampax fail to increase self-confidence at these times? Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Perfume FOR YOU

By Sally Young

AS THE gifting season approaches many women begin to look forward to the annual bottle of perfume they expect to find under the tree Christmas morn. Just how pleased you'll be with your gift will depend either on how well the man in your life knows your tastes or on how successfully your hints sank in.

That brings us to the nub of our story. Why leave the purchase of as important and intimate an item as perfume to chance or whimsy?

It's fine if you're on a straight from the shoulder basis with your man and can say, "If it's perfume you're getting, then make it a bottle of such and so." If you're not on this basis, buy your own perfume.

Buy Your Own

GO at perfume buying the way you buy your other accessories. When you buy a handbag you study the quality of the leather; you take into consideration its size and color; and you'd give special attention to appropriateness, since you hardly carry a satin handbag with your tweeds. Preferably you'd buy from a manufacturer with whose products you are familiar.

Furthermore, you'd buy a bag within your means, yet the best you could possibly afford. And you're never for a moment deluded into thinking that one will do for all occasions.

Go about your perfume buying in the same way. And while you're learning about perfume—and there is quite a bit to learn—buy it in small quantities. Study its effect upon yourself and on those around you. Does it contribute to your personality? Does it resist the test of time—or do you weary of it too soon? Does its essence last or does it evaporate too quickly? Does it lend refinement?

Perfume an Accessory

DON'T expect to wear the same perfume day in and day out on any and all occasions. You don't wear one set of accessories all the time. Don't expect to wear only one perfume till it's gone. Take the seasons into consideration as well as your activities. You need a perfume wardrobe.

As you become more experienced with perfumes you'll discover that perfume appreciation is much like music or art appreciation. You'll discover, as one perfume expert pointed out recently, that there is an elusive, indescribable quality in some perfumes (as in some music and art) which lifts it definitely above the "good" classification into the "great." And that should be your goal—to use and appreciate a perfume classic.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, P. O. Box 382, Church St. Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
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- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You
- ☐ (13) The Bust Line
- ☐ (15) Home Body Massage
- ☐ (114) Calorie List

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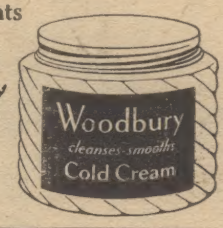
Arlene Dahl featured in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "A SOUTHERN YANKEE"

says "For skin that's beauty-bright . . . it's Woodbury Cold Cream cleansing!" Yes, rich deep-cleansing oils leave your skin clear-clean! And four special softening ingredients smooth it . . . silky-soft!



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In seconds, this amazing heater starts throwing out a beam of heat that reaches even into the corners—warms up a room fast.

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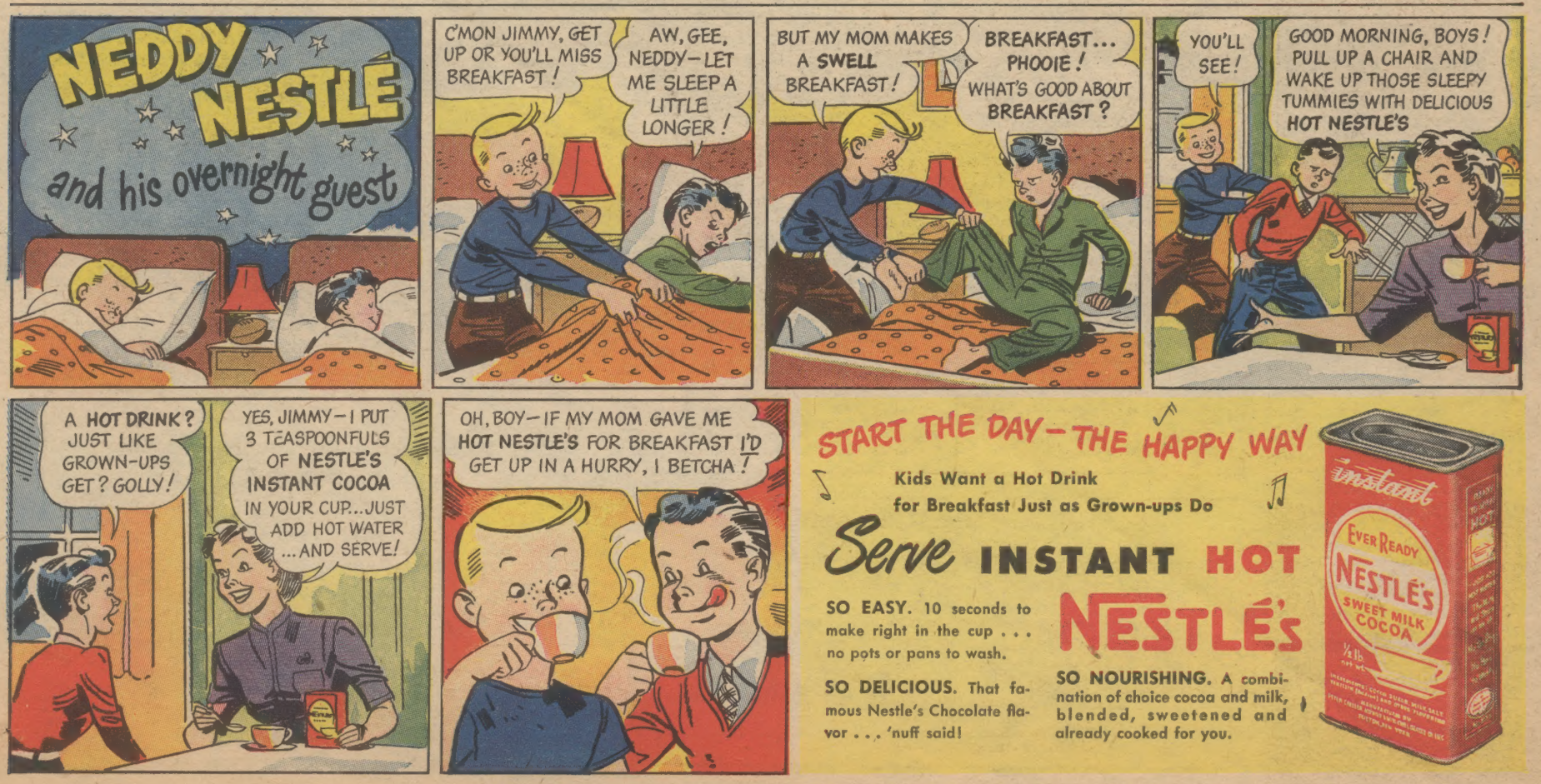
Recipe for Toll House Cookies, too, is on the yellow cellophane package of Nestle's Semi-Sweet Chocolate.


NEDDY NESTLÉ
and his overnight guest
C'MON JIMMY, GET UP OR YOU'LL MISS BREAKFAST!
AW, GEE, NEDDY—LET ME SLEEP A LITTLE LONGER!
BUT MY MOM MAKES A SWELL BREAKFAST!
BREAKFAST... PHOOIE! WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT BREAKFAST?
YOU'LL SEE!
GOOD MORNING, BOYS! PULL UP A CHAIR AND WAKE UP THOSE SLEEPY TUMMIES WITH DELICIOUS HOT NESTLE'S
A HOT DRINK? JUST LIKE GROWN-UPS GET? GOLLY!
YES, JIMMY—I PUT 3 TEASPOONFULS OF NESTLE'S INSTANT COCOA IN YOUR CUP...JUST ADD HOT WATER ...AND SERVE!
OH, BOY—IF MY MOM GAVE ME HOT NESTLE'S FOR BREAKFAST I'D GET UP IN A HURRY, I BETCHA!

START THE DAY—THE HAPPY WAY

Kids Want a Hot Drink for Breakfast Just as Grown-ups Do

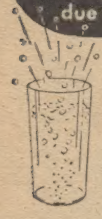
Serve INSTANT HOT NESTLÉ'S

SO EASY. 10 seconds to make right in the cup . . . no pots or pans to wash.

SO DELICIOUS. That famous Nestle's Chocolate flavor . . . 'nuff said!

SO NOURISHING. A combination of choice cocoa and milk, blended, sweetened and already cooked for you.

AWAY WITH
discomfort of
✓ ACID INDIGESTION
✓ IRREGULARITY
✓ SICK HEADACHE
✓ DULLNESS
due to ordinary sluggishness



Whenever you're headachy, sluggish, or sour because of acid indigestion or late hours—quick—take sparkling Eno! You'll promptly help neutralize excess stomach acid, ease "full feeling" overnight! *When you wake,* take Eno as a speedy gentle laxative. You'll feel grand, because of *true inner cleanliness!* All druggists.

1 ANTACID—relieves sour stomach, gas and heartburn promptly.
2 LAXATIVE—to relieve temporary sluggishness quickly, take before breakfast when needed.
3 GOOD TASTING! *Sparkling, bubbly!*

ENO IS GOOD FOR YOU

for better linings

the Starch in the buttercup yellow box

NO BOILING
NO STICKING

PAIN
of headache, neuritis and neuralgia
RELIEVED
incredibly fast
the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend—
ANACIN
®

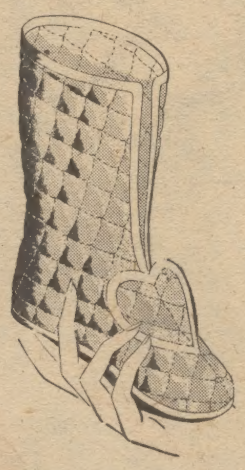
Here's why...
Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacin Tablets today.

MOTHER!
THUMB SUCKING IS UNHEALTHFUL AND UNBECOMING TO A CHILD
USE THUM
50¢
use like nail polish
easy to apply—
AT ALL DRUG STORES

Stitch your Gifts THIS YEAR

By Doris Denison

OPEN your heart instead of just your purse strings this season and make some of your presents for family and friends. They'll appreciate the "made just for you" personality of the gifts.



For Mother

THERE'S pretty practicality in these gay slipper boots, and they're easy to make. Choose the newest pinwale corduroy, a sturdy washable cotton, or the softest of velvets. Use the quilter attachment for your sewing machine to make short work of the quilting design.

For Big Sister

EVENING blouses bring just the right touch of glamour to big sister's after-dark dating ensembles and she will welcome one for her post-holiday parties. To accent a black evening skirt, make the blouse in smart metallic cloth. There is just one main pattern piece to this blouse, so why not make one for yourself, too?

For Teen-Age Sister

WITH the waistline the center of attraction now, a waist-nipping belt will find a welcome spot in sister's wardrobe. Three popular styles are a wide-laced belt with stays, a pert peplum, and a fold-back sports belt. Made in contrasting material, the peplum can be a practical lengthener for a short dress if it covers an insert of ribbon at the waist.

For Grandmother

GRANDMA'S eyes will sparkle in approval when she opens this gift. Smart styling and the gay rickrack highlight your own careful stitching. Work out individual decorative touches to make each apron distinctive.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

To obtain Christmas gift patterns, send twenty cents (in coins) for each pattern to The American Weekly, Pattern Dept., Box 206, Station F, Brooklyn 26, New York. Print plainly sizes, style numbers, name, and address. Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled

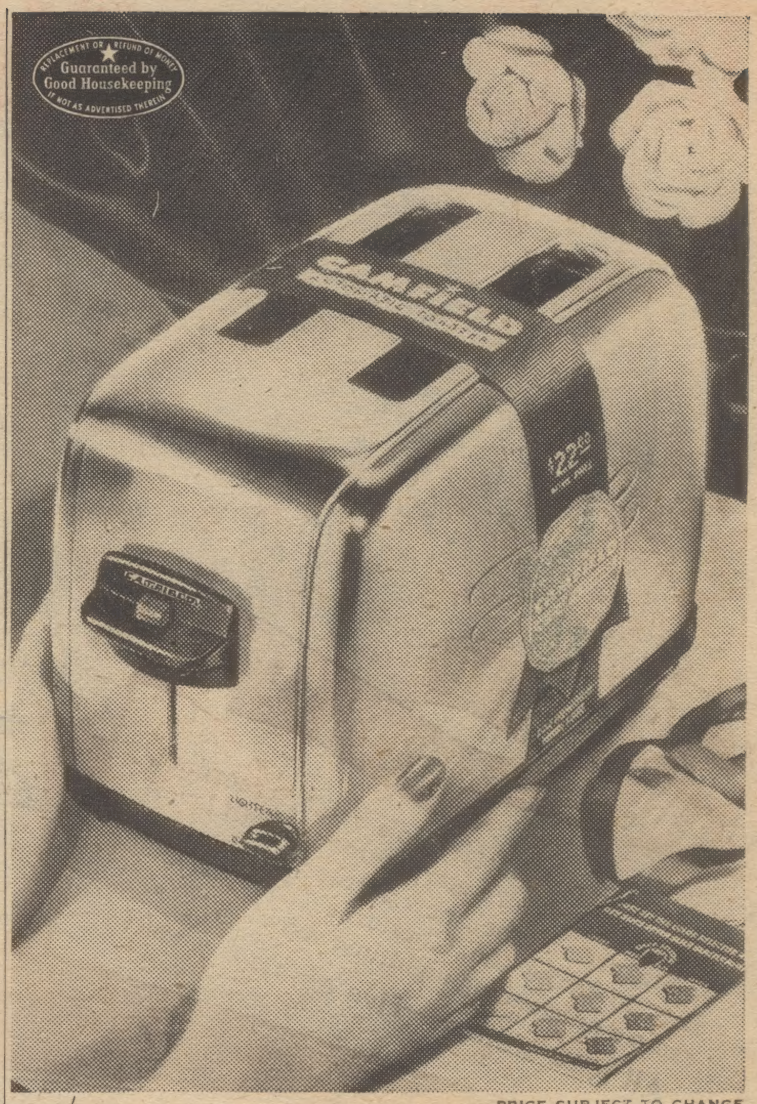
PRETTY, PRACTICAL BOOTS, No. 3096. Sizes: small, med., large, extra large.
CONVERSATION PIECE BELT, No. 3860. Sizes: 26, 28, 30, 32.
GLAMOROUS BLOUSE, No. 3861. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40.
GAY APRON, No. 3748. Sizes: Small (14-16); medium (18-20); large (40-44); extra large (46-50).

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
☐ (22) Easy Laundering
☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
☐ (26) Streamline Closets
☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
☐ (30) Sew Right
☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades
☐ (32) Playroom Plans
☐ (33) Wedding and Shower Decorations
☐ (34) Replanning Kitchens
☐ (35) How to Remove Stains
☐ (36) Tie a Pretty Package



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Only CAMFIELD gives you all these:

fully automatic pop-up . . .
exclusive "Equa-Therm" . . . toast
First heat-compensating toast timer ever devised
just as you like it every time . . .
without preheating, toasts slice after slice exactly alike
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. . . operates on AC or DC.

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Here's the blouse you'll wear from desk to date for that sweet-to-be-near look. Here's the blouse with more flattering features than you'd find anywhere at double this price. Hand-painted full-blooming, leaf-sprayed roses splashed below a softly-shirred jeweled neckline. Expensive pearl buttons marching down the back. Trimly-stitched cuffs on pert short sleeves. Beautifully tailored in glamorous rayon. Launders beautifully. Colors: White or Black. Sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42-44-46-48-50-52.

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Please rush "American Beauty" on approval. If not delighted, I may return blouse within 10 days for refund of purchase price.
☐ I enclose $2.98 you pay postage.
☐ Send C.O.D., I'll pay $2.98 plus postage.
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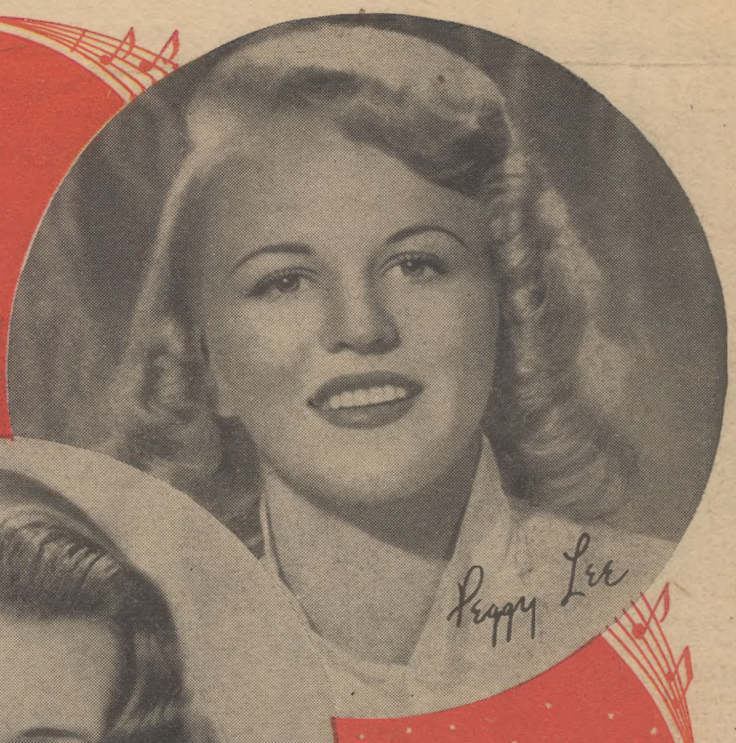
ADDRESS ..... CITY ..... STATE .....



NBC

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All NBC Stations—Five nights a week!

PERRY COMO JO STAFFORD PEGGY LEE ARTHUR GODFREY

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In person, on the radio, on records at home and in the juke boxes– covering all America, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippine Republic.

GREAT STARS! GREAT SHOWS! GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!

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